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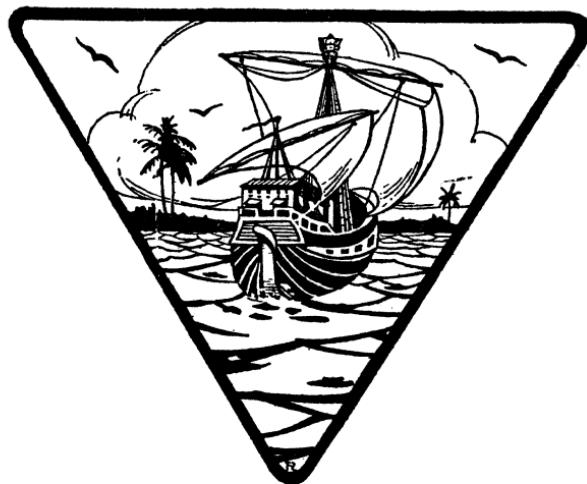
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Thomas, N. W.

Jack and Janet in the
Philippines

Jack and Janet *in the* *Philippines*



BY
NORMA WATERBURY THOMAS

JACK AND JANET IN THE PHILIPPINES

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IGOROT GIRLS LEARNING TO MAKE DRESSES

JACK AND JANET IN THE PHILIPPINES

A SEQUEL TO
AROUND THE WORLD WITH
JACK AND JANET

BY NORMA WATERBURY THOMAS

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE
ON THE UNITED STUDY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

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The Central Committee on the United
Study of Foreign Missions

FOREWORD

JUNIORS who travelled around the world with Jack and Janet Howard will be glad to join them again in a trip to the Philippines. Miss Waterbury, who wrote *Around the World with Jack and Janet*, became so interested in the work of the missionaries as she saw them on her trip, that she decided to give her life to that work. She was married in November, 1916, to Dr. Thomas, of Iloilo, Philippine Islands, and went there to live. She has seen many of the people she writes about and has taken many photographs. The Committee had planned another book for this year, but the author was called to France and was unable to complete his work. In the emergency, the Committee cabled Mrs. Thomas asking her to write a sequel to her former book. The time was short, but she has completed it and invites all Juniors to join the twins in their explorations of these fascinating islands in the Pacific which are so closely related to us.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

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CHILDREN OF THE PHILIPPINES

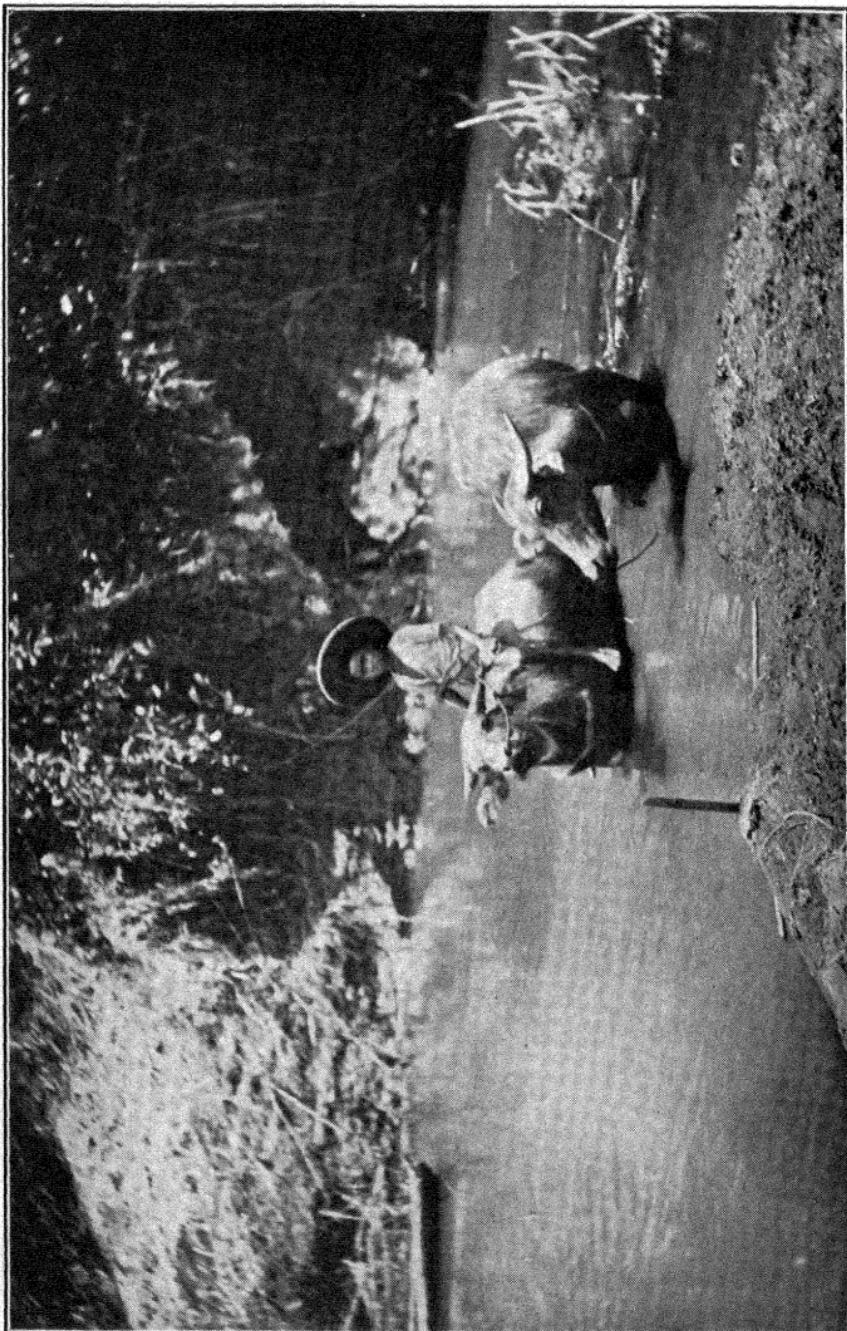
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AFTER long hours of prayer for God's guidance, President McKinley said: "There is nothing left for us but to take them, and to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we can by them as our fellow men for whom Christ also died."

Let this be the motto of those who take this journey to the Philippines—





Photograph by Norma W. Thomas

FILIPINO BOY WITH CARABAO (WATER BUFFALO)

CHAPTER I.

GREAT NAMES IN PHILIPPINE HISTORY

WHEN Jack and Janet Howard suddenly went to live in the Philippine Islands no one was more surprised than the twins themselves.

Nothing so unexpected had ever happened to them.

Ever since their trip around the world, they had dreamed of the Islands of Malaysia, of which the Philippines are a part. The twins had not visited them, although they had passed very near, but Jack's imagination had been stirred by tales of Malay pirates told on the steamer, and especially by the story of Rajah Brooke. He longed to be like that English explorer, who civilized the head hunters of Borneo.

Janet, too, had been sorry that the steamer went right on from Singapore to Hong Kong and Shanghai without calling at any of the beautiful islands of the Malay Archipelago. She was glad that Jack planned to explore them some day and that he had promised to take her with him.

Neither of the twins expected their dream to be fulfilled very soon. The suddenness with which it did come true nearly took their breath away.

"What do you know about the Philippines, Jack?" asked his father one morning at breakfast.

"Hardly anything, father," answered Jack, wondering at the question, "except that they are a part of the Malay Archipelago and are under the United States flag."

"I merely asked," said Mr. Howard in the most matter of fact tone, "because we are going to the Philippines to live."

"To the Philippines?—To live?" echoed Jack, thinking that he must be dreaming again, as he had dreamed so often of going to these far-away Islands.

"Yes," said Mr. Howard, "by the next fast steamer from Vancouver. Our firm is interested in the sugar, hemp, and copra industries of the Philippines. We import the abaca fibre or hemp for making rope, and the copra, which is dried cocoanut meat, chiefly for the oil it contains. This oil is used in the manufacture of candles, soaps, and ointments, but the part that is left is also valuable as a food for animals. I find that I must be in the Islands to study conditions and to manage our business there."

"We have had to keep this a secret," said Mrs. Howard, "until we were sure of our plans, but now you may tell any one you like."

Jack and Janet hurried off to school, eager to impart the exciting news to their teachers and friends.

For the next few weeks they were busy saying goodbye to everyone and filling their trunks with thin clothing to wear in the Philippines. Then came the train trip to Vancouver and the voyage on the "Empress of Asia."

The northern route across the Pacific is much quicker than the southern one, which the twins took on their other journey, but the weather is likely to be cold and stormy. There were days when it was too rough for anyone to stay on deck. One stormy afternoon most of the passengers were resting

in their cabins and the drawing-room was deserted. The easy chairs before the fire looked very inviting.

"Just the place for us," said Janet, "if we only had a good story. Let's find mother and get her to tell us one."

Mrs. Howard was glad to bring her embroidery and sit by the fire. "I've thought of a story," she said, "that is very appropriate. It is old and you may have heard it before, but a good true story will bear repeating. I don't know whether to call it 'The First Voyage Across the Pacific,' 'The First Voyage Around the World,' or 'The First Voyage to the Philippines,' for it was all three. It was certainly the most wonderful voyage in history.

"In 1492, when America was discovered, there lived in Portugal a boy of twelve, named Ferdinand Magellan. He was a page in the king's palace at Lisbon. There he heard a great deal about the riches of the East Indies, for the dearest wish of the king was to find a way by sea to these islands, where spices, silks, and jewels were found.

"Three routes to the East were then known, but, as two passed through Mohammedan countries, Christian nations could not use them, for the Mohammedans killed the Christians. The third route, which led from the Mediterranean Sea across the Isthmus of Suez, through the Red Sea, into the Indian Ocean, the city of Venice kept for her own use, refusing to share it with others. Venice became very rich through her trade with the East. The other cities of Europe envied her.

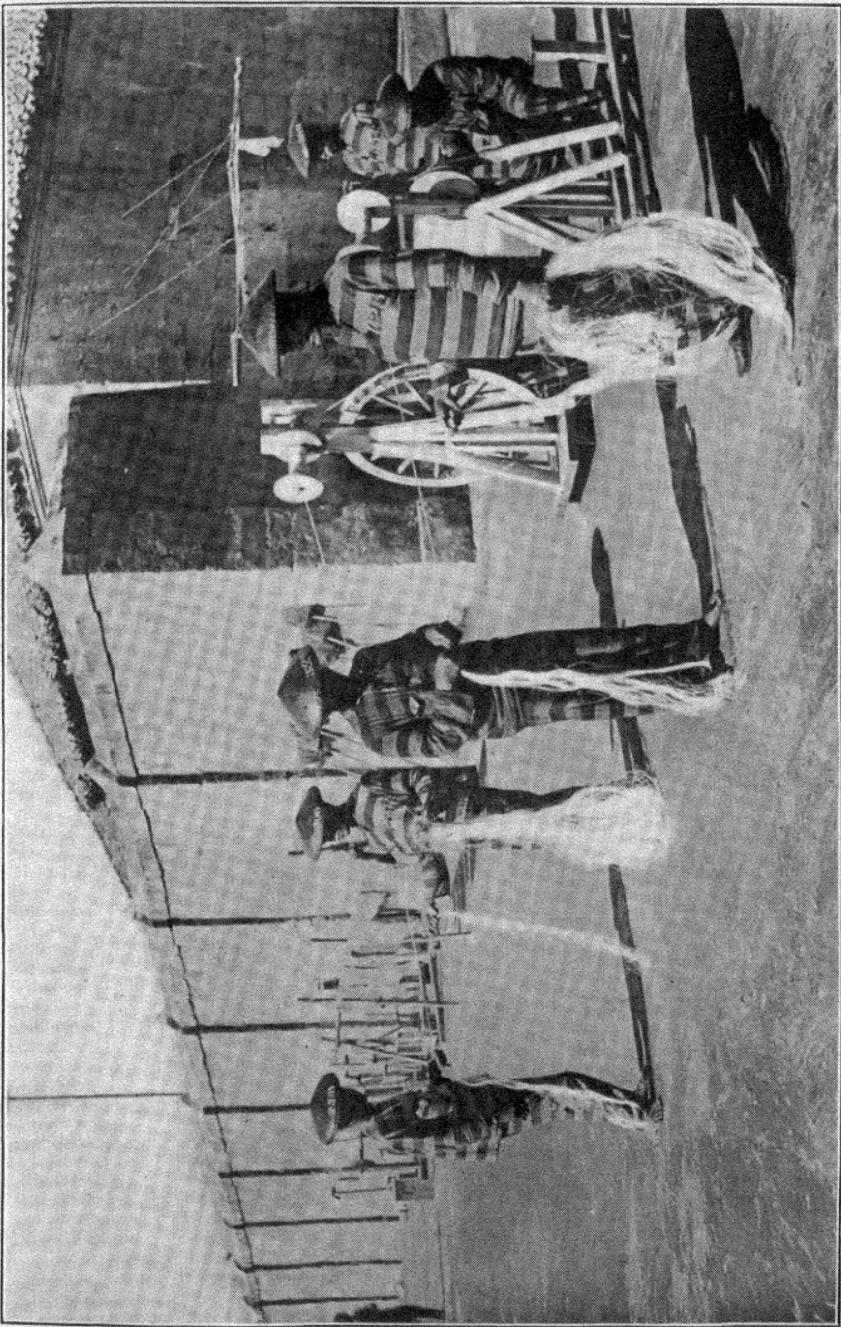
"For nearly a century the Portuguese had been trying to find another way to the East. They thought

that by sailing far enough south along the coast of Africa a passage to the Indian Ocean would be found. Little by little they explored the coast until at last, in 1487, Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope. He called it 'The Cape of Storms.' Ten years later Vasco da Gama sailed not only around the Cape, but across the Ocean to India. There was great rejoicing, for the Eastern passage to the Indies was at last found.

"From the sailors, who went on these voyages, Magellan also heard of another search that was being made for a western route to the East by Columbus, who said that because the earth is a sphere he could reach the East by sailing west. Magellan admired the man who had the courage to cross the Atlantic Ocean for the first time, for sailors in those days usually followed the coasts in their voyages. Columbus, as we know, never reached India, because two great continents blocked the way. He died disappointed without knowing that he had discovered America.

"When Magellan was older, he, too, became a sailor and went around Africa to the East in the king's ships. It was a dangerous voyage, for the Indian Ocean was the home of the Malay pirates, who often attacked the ships. Magellan fought the pirates and risked his life to take the precious cargoes safely to the king, but his services were not appreciated. The king did not like him and, when Magellan came home wounded, he received no reward for his bravery. This injustice made him decide to leave Portugal and go to Spain.

"As the king of Portugal would not let the king of



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

PRISONERS MAKING HEMP ROPE AT BILIBID

Spain use the eastern route around Africa, which the Portuguese had discovered, Magellan said, "I will sail as Columbus did to the West and find the western route to the East for the king of Spain."

"People now knew about the ocean on the other side of America. Balboa had seen it in 1513 from the top of a high mountain on the Isthmus of Panama. Its vast size was not known, because no one had yet crossed it. Magellan supposed that if ships could find a way through or around America to that ocean, they would be near the East Indies.

"The king of Spain wanted to reach the Molucca Islands, which were called the Spice Islands. He gave Magellan five ships and two hundred and seventy-five men to make the voyage across the Atlantic and to find a way around America to these islands.

"On September 20, 1519, the fleet started from Sanlucar, the port of Seville, on the greatest voyage that has ever been taken. On November 29, the ships reached Brazil. Then Magellan turned his course to the south, but the weather grew so cold that he decided to wait in the Bay of San Julian until the winter was over.

"Like Columbus before him, Magellan met with many difficulties. Some of the sailors wished to go home, but their leader was not so easily discouraged. In August he set sail again and continued his search for a passage through South America.

"At last, on November 1, 1520, he found the straits that lead from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. We call them the Straits of Magellan. They are long and winding. Magellan did not come out

of them until November 28. He now had only three ships. One had been wrecked in a storm and one had turned back in the night to return to Spain.

"Magellan sailed north to the latitude of the Spice Islands, but did not find them. He then sailed west, expecting to sight them soon. He did not know that a great ocean lies between these islands and America. For over three months he sailed westward without a glimpse of any land excepting two small uninhabited rock islands. The ships were carried steadily on by the trade winds over a calm sea. Magellan named it the 'Pacific,' which means peaceful. When food and water were gone the sailors became sick and many died. Even the leather slings from the masts served as food for the starving men, when there was nothing else.

"At last, on March 7, the sick men saw a sight which made them very happy. There in the distance were many little sails and some inhabited islands. The sailors named them 'las Islas de las Velas' or 'the Isles of Sails,' but later changed the name to 'the Ladrones' or 'the Thieves,' because the people stole things from the ships.

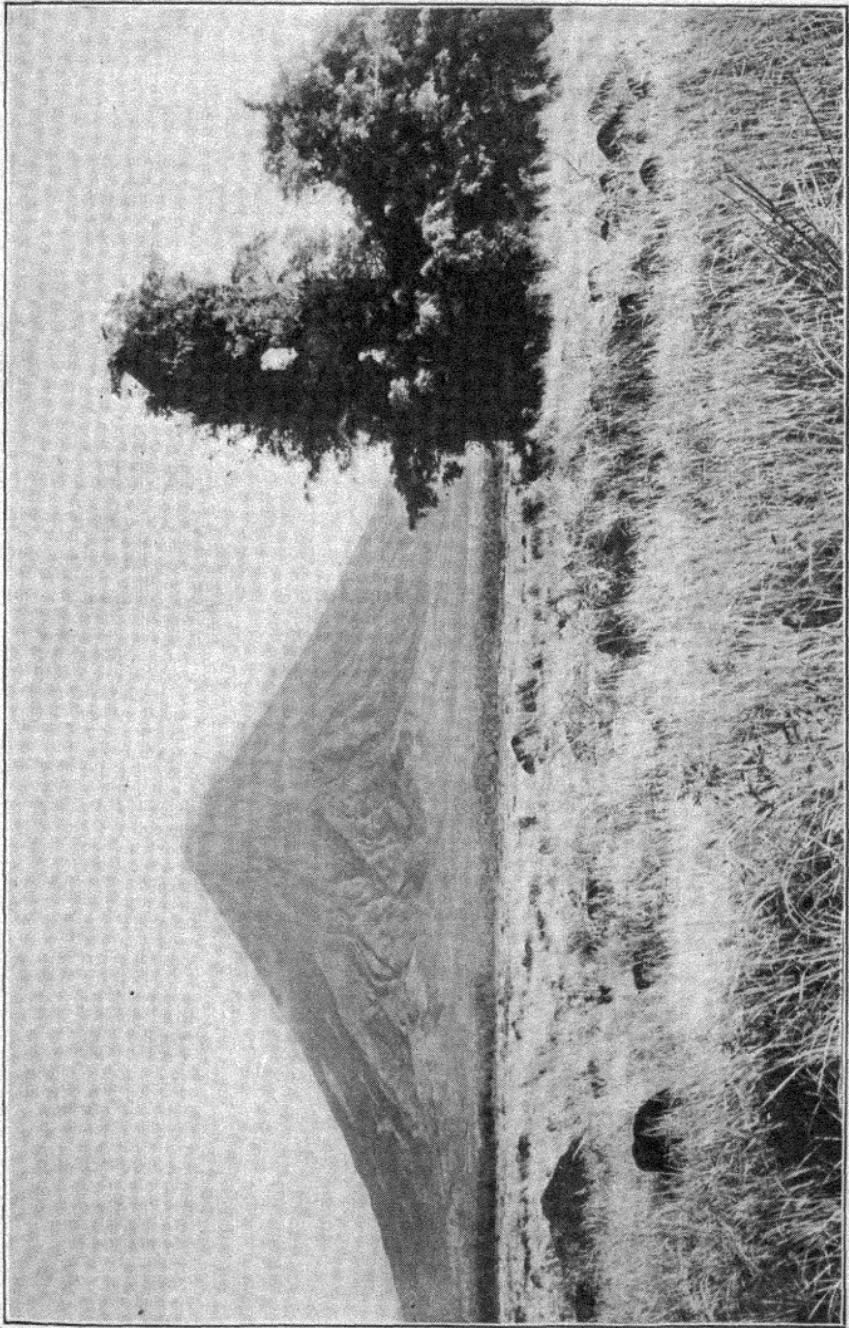
"Magellan stayed only a few days to get food and water. Then he sailed westward again. On March 16, he saw the Island of Samar, his first glimpse of the group of Islands, which we call the Philippines.

"I wish we had a map," said Mrs. Howard.

"Father has one," said Jack, and he went off to get it.

Mrs. Howard drew a line on the map to mark Magellan's course and went on with the story.

"The ships did not stop at Samar, but sailed



MAYON VOLCANO, A PERFECT CONE

Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

south to the tiny island of Suluan, where they anchored for the night. The next day they took a westward course and came to the small island of Homonhon. There Magellan went ashore with his men and rested for eight days. The sick sailors soon felt better, when they had fresh water to drink and delicious fruit to eat.

"They next sailed around Leyte to the Island of Limasaua. Magellan had a Malay slave with him, who could talk with the *datu* or chief of the Island. Magellan became very friendly with the *datu*. On March 31, 1521, he went ashore with fifty men and said mass. Afterward he built a cross on a hill to show that he claimed all the islands for Spain.

"Magellan was still anxious to find the Molucca Islands. He was now very near them, for you can see on the map that they are just south of the Philippines. After a week he was ready to start on, but first it was necessary to get food for the voyage. His friend, the *datu*, told him that he would find plenty of food in Cebu and offered to guide the ships there. They now sailed north to the Island of Leyte, then west past the small islands north of Bohol, until they came to the channel between Mactan and Cebu.

"Magellan landed at Cebu and made friends with the *datu*. He stayed about two weeks and taught the people Christianity. The *datu* of Mactan was not so friendly as the *datu* of Cebu. He said he would never obey the king of Spain. Magellan took sixty men to fight him. The water near Mactan is very shallow and the ships had to anchor a long way from shore. Magellan and his men waded to the shore.

The *datu* was ready with several hundred warriors armed with stones and wooden knives and spears. The Spaniards had old-fashioned muskets, which did not shoot very well. Magellan soon saw that the enemy's forces were too strong for him and he told his men to go back to the boats. He himself stayed with a few who would not leave him and fought in the shallow water until he was struck down. He died there in the water on April 20, 1521."

"Without finding the Spice Islands?" asked Jack.

"His men went on and found them, after visiting Mindanao and Palawan. There were not enough men now to man three boats. Some had died of hunger and privation and others had been killed. For this reason one of the ships was burned. As another leaked, only one was left to carry the spices back to Spain. This was the 'Victoria.' Her captain was Sebastian Elcano.

"The 'Victoria' did not go back across the Pacific, because the winds and ocean currents, which were favorable for ships sailing west, were not the right ones for ships going east. As Captain Elcano did not know that by sailing north he would find winds to blow his ship back to America, he decided to make the homeward trip around Africa, at the risk of being captured by the Portuguese.

"At last, nearly three years after leaving Spain, the 'Victoria' came into port again, with only eighteen men left of the two hundred and seventy-five who had started on the voyage. Seventeen more came back later. All the rest were dead.

"The 'Victoria' was the first ship to sail around the world. Captain Elcano was given a title of

nobility and a coat of arms, bearing sprays of clove, cinnamon, nutmeg, and the globe with the motto, ‘Primus circumdedisti me,’ ‘Thou art the first man who hast encircled me.’ ”

“Magellan got none of the praise,” said Jack, “but he really planned the whole thing.”

“He receives all the credit today,” said Mrs. Howard. “Everyone has heard of Magellan, while very few people remember the name of Captain Elcano, although he was a hero, too, as was every sailor who helped toward the success of the expedition.”

“Why were the Islands named Philippines, mother?” asked Janet.

“O, yes, I must tell you about that. Magellan called them ‘the Archipelago of Saint Lazarus,’ because he discovered them on Saint Lazarus Day. A commoner name was ‘las Islas del Poniente’ or ‘the Islands of the West.’ In 1543, Captain Villalobos, commander of the second Spanish expedition after the death of Magellan, stopped at Samar to buy rice and renamed the Island Philipina for Philip, heir to the Spanish throne, who soon became King Philip II. Gradually all the islands of this group came to be known as ‘las Islas Philipinas’ or in English ‘the Philippines.’ Another name I have heard is ‘Pearl of the Orient.’ ”

“I like that best,” said Janet.

“Easier to spell, too,” said Jack. “I never can remember whether there are two *p*’s or two *l*’s.”

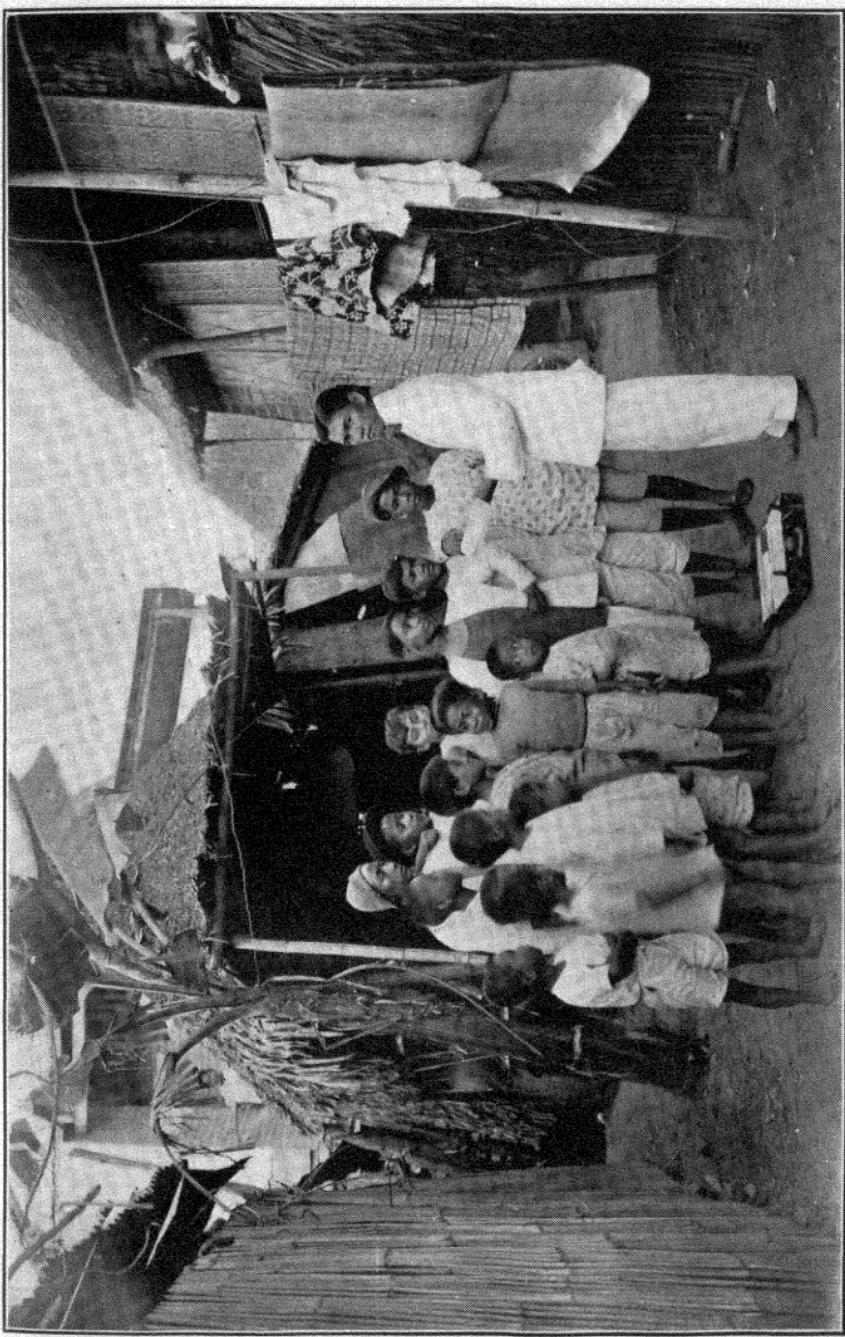
Just then a steward passing with a tea tray reminded the twins that the afternoon had passed very quickly.

There were other chances for "appropriate" stories before the voyage was over and the twins became very much interested in the history of the Philippines. They admired the heroic soldiers and priests, who settled the Islands and civilized the people for Spain. King Philip II was a devout Catholic and cared so much for his religion that he wanted to make all the Filipinos Catholics, too. For this reason every ship which went to the Islands carried priests as well as soldiers. The king gave great power to the priests. They worked so faithfully that Christianity was soon accepted by many people all over the Islands, and with the new religion these first priests gave the Filipinos new and better ways of living.

Jack and Janet liked the story of the third expedition, which left Mexico or New Spain twenty-three years after the death of Villalobos, who commanded the second. Headed by a great commander, Miguel Lopez de Legazpi, and the brave soldier-priest, Andres de Urdaneta, this expedition was successful in every way. With very few men, Legazpi stayed in the Islands until his death seven years later. In this short time, with the help of his good captains and by his wisdom and kindness to the natives, he explored and conquered the principal islands for Spain. Two of the ships of this fleet discovered the northern route back to America so that later expeditions were able to make the voyage from Mexico and back again with favorable winds both ways.

Then came the sad part of the story of Spain in the Philippines. Some of the priests who were sent, instead of helping the people, treated them unjustly

SELLING BIBLES IN A PHILIPPINE VILLAGE



and cruelly. These friars used their power selfishly and were hated by the poor and feared by the rich. For three hundred years Spain did very little to be proud of in the Philippines. The people grew more and more discontented and unhappy. Some of the Filipinos, who were able to become educated in other countries, saw that the people of Europe and America were much better off than they were and tried to form societies to help their people but as soon as the Spanish officials heard of it, these men were arrested and put to death.

One of these educated Filipinos, who longed to help his unhappy country, was Dr. José Rizal. It was Mr. Howard who told Jack and Janet about him.

"Would you like to hear about the George Washington of the Philippines?" he asked one day, when called upon for a story. "Here is his picture," he added, drawing a roll of new Philippine bills from his pocket, "on this two peso bill, which is one dollar in United States money. The same picture is on the two centavo or one-cent stamp of the Philippines. It is the portrait of José Rizal, the great national hero. He died for his country, not in battle, but a martyr's death, because he dared to speak of the wrongs of his countrymen. He never plotted against the government or the church, but was falsely accused of helping the 'Katipunan,' a secret society that wished to drive out the friars and overthrow the Spanish government. He was shot on the public plaza of Manila as a traitor on December 30, 1896. The day is celebrated now as a national holiday, like Washington's Birthday in America, and a beauti-

ful statue stands on the Luneta near the spot where he was executed."

"What did he do, anyway, father?" asked Jack.

"He could not do very much. His chief offence was that he wrote two novels, which gave such a true picture of life in the Philippines at that time, that he was banished from the country, and people were forbidden to read the books. One was called, 'Noli me Tangere,' which means 'Touch Me Not.' The translation is called 'The Social Cancer,' for the Filipino thinks of cancer as the untouchable disease. He showed that this cancer or disease which his country suffered from was the union of church and state. The second book, 'El Filibusterismo,' is called in translation 'The Reign of Greed.' "

"Some day you must read the life of José Rizal, for it is very interesting. His father sent him to Europe to be educated. Like most great men he had a remarkable mother. Once when Rizal was a little boy his mother read him the story of the foolish moth that tried so hard to reach the light that it flew into the candle flame and was burned to death. As she read by the flickering light of a cocoanut oil lamp, the little boy was fascinated by seeing the story enacted before his eyes but instead of thinking the moth foolish, he felt that light was so wonderful a thing that it was worth sacrificing one's life to reach it. This was what he gladly did with his own life. The beautiful poem, written in his cell the night before his execution and hidden in an alcohol lamp, which he gave to his sister as a parting gift, tells us how gladly he died for his country's sake. It is called 'My Last Thought.' The Filipino boys

and girls learn the poem in school. As they have no national song that is all their own, this particular poem by their national hero is especially dear to them.

"Now let's have something more cheerful," said Mr. Howard. "Things were almost as bad as they could be in the Philippines at the time of Rizal's death, but two years later, on May 1, 1898, something happened that changed everything."

"What was it, father?" asked the twins.

"Have you ever heard of Dewey and the Battle of Manila Bay?"

"Of course we have."

"The United States was at war with Spain about Cuba. Commodore Dewey, in command of the Asiatic fleet, was at Hong Kong waiting for orders, when he received a cablegram from President McKinley telling him to destroy the Spanish fleet at once. He lost no time in obeying orders. On the night of April 30 the American ships quietly entered Manila Bay and on May 1 they gained a brilliant victory, destroying the Spanish fleet without losing a ship or a man."

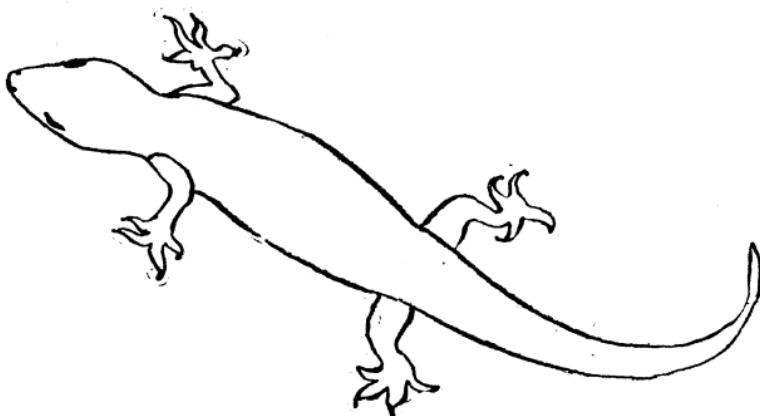
"Hurrah for Dewey!" cried Jack.

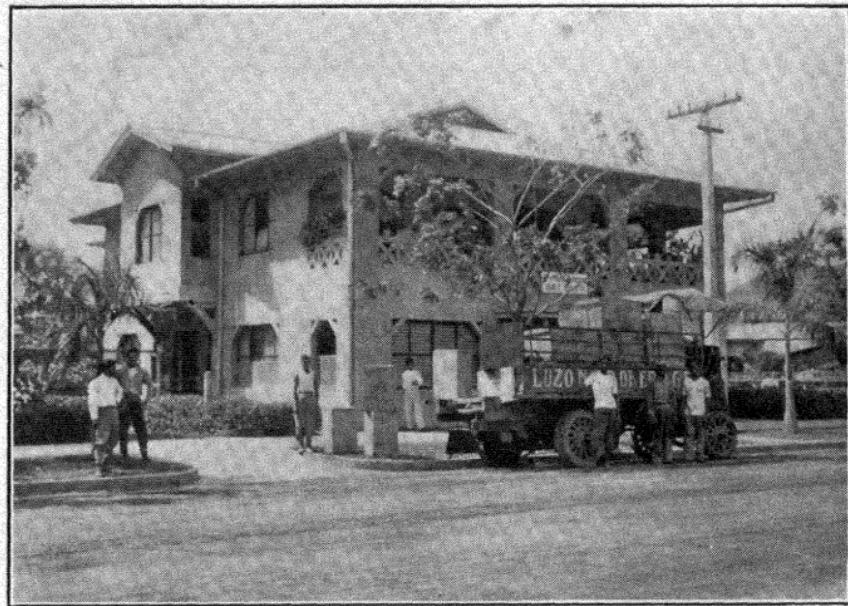
"At the end of the war, in the treaty signed at Paris, the Philippines were ceded to the United States. The Filipinos wanted independence at once, but President McKinley knew that they were not ready either to govern or to defend themselves. He felt that it was the duty of our government to protect and educate them until they could take care of themselves. After long nights of prayer for God's guidance, our President said, 'There is nothing

left for us but to take them, and to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we can by them as our fellow men for whom Christ also died.'

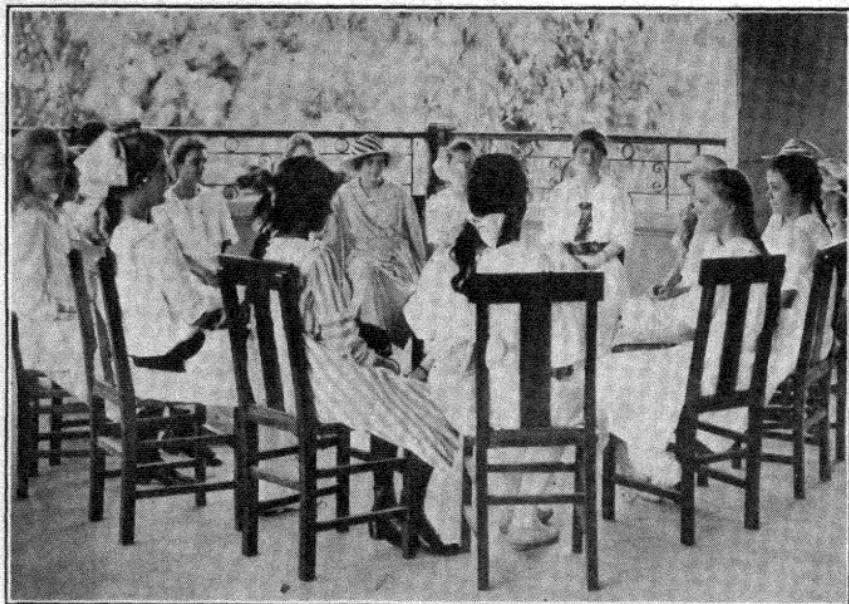
"For nearly twenty years our government has been trying to educate the Filipinos to become capable of governing themselves. Now they have religious liberty and justice. There are fine schools open to the poorest boys and girls. There are good roads and railroads and the industries and trades are being developed.

"So much progress has already been made that perhaps it will not be long before the hope of President McKinley for the Philippine Islands may be realized—namely 'that all the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands may come to look back with gratitude to the day when God gave victory to American arms at Manila and set their land under the sovereignty and protection of the people of the United States.' "





BIBLE HOUSE, MANILA. ARRIVAL OF TAGALOG BIBLES



ROOF GARDEN BIBLE SCHOOL, UNION CHURCH, MANILA

"MY LAST THOUGHT"

Land I adore, farewell! thou land of the southern sun's choosing!
Pearl of the Orient seas! our forfeited Garden of Eden;
Joyous I yield up for thee my sad life, and were it far brighter,
Young, rose-strewn, for thee and thy happiness still would I
give it.

Far afield, in the din and rush of maddening battle,
Others have laid down their lives, nor wavered nor paused in the
giving

What matters way or place—the cypress, the lily, the laurel,
Gibbet or open field, the sword or inglorious torture,
When 'tis the hearth and the country that call for life's immo-
lation?

Dawn's faint lights bar the east, she smiles through the cowl of
the darkness,
Just as I die. Hast thou need of purple to garnish her pathway?
Here is my blood, on the hour! Pour it out and the sun in his
rising
Mayhap will touch it gold, will lend it the sheen of his glory.

Dreams of my childhood and youth, and dreams of my strong
young manhood,

What were they all but to see, thou gem of the Orient ocean,
Tearless thine eyes so deep, unbent, unmarred thy sweet forehead?
Vision I followed from far, desire that spurred on and consumed
me!

Greeting! my parting soul cries, and greeting again! Oh my
country!

Beautiful is it to fall, that the vision may rise to fulfillment,
Giving my life for thy life, and breathing thine air in the death
throes;

Sweet to eternally sleep in thy lap, O land of enchantment!

If in the deep, rich grass that covers my rest in thy bosom,
Some day thou seest upspring a lowly, tremulous blossom,
Lay there thy lips, 'tis my soul; may I feel on my forehead
descending,

Deep in the chilly tomb, the soft, warm breath of thy kisses.
Let the calm light of the moon fall around me, and dawn's
 fleeting splendor;
Let the winds murmur and sigh, on my cross let some bird tell
 its message;
Loosed from the rain by the brazen sun, let clouds of soft vapor
Bear to the skies, as they mount again, the chant of my spirit.
There may some friendly heart lament my parting untimely,
And if at eventide a soul for my tranquil sleep prayeth,
Pray thou too, O my fatherland! for my peaceful reposing;
Pray for those who remain to suffer such torture in prisons;
Pray for the bitter grief of our mothers, our widows, our orphans;
Oh, pray, too, for thyself, on the way to thy final redemption.

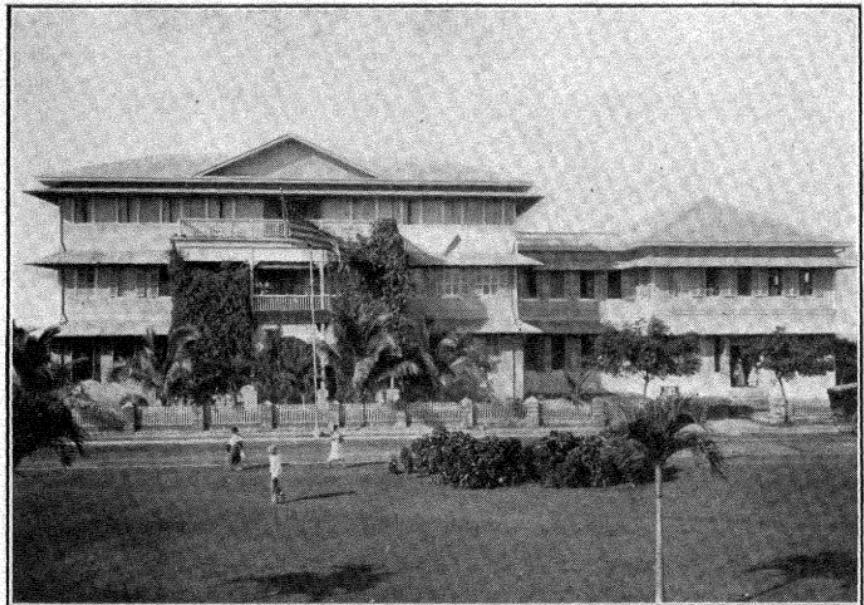
When our still dwelling place wraps night's dusky mantle about
 her,
Leaving the dead alone with the dead to watch till morning,
Break not our rest, and seek not to lay death's mystery open,
If now and then thou shouldst hear the string of a lute or a
 cithern,
Mine is the hand, dear country, and mine is the voice that is
 singing.

When my tomb, that all have forgot, no cross nor stone marketh,
There let the laborer guide his plow, there cleave the earth open.
So shall my ashes at last be one with thy hills and thy valleys.
Little 'twill matter then, my country, that thou shouldst forget
 me!

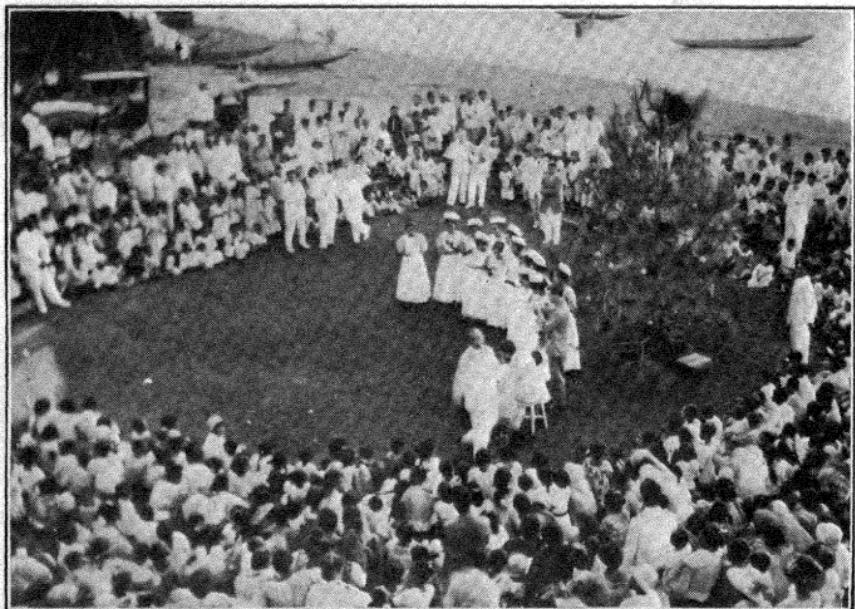
I shall be air in thy streets, and I shall be space in thy meadows,
I shall be vibrant speech in thine ears, shall be fragrance and
 color,

Light and shout, and loved song forever repeating my message.

—*José Rizal.*



MARY JOHNSTON HOSPITAL, MANILA
Methodist Episcopal



Photograph by A. Lowell Ryan

THE CHRISTMAS TREE, MARY JOHNSTON HOSPITAL

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER I.

1. What two facts did Jack know about the Philippines?
2. Name three products of the Philippines that are sent to America and tell how they are used.
3. When and by whom were the Philippines discovered?
4. How did the Islands get their name?
5. Who were Legazpi and Urdaneta?
6. How long were the Islands ruled by Spain?
7. Whose portrait is on the two-centavo stamp and the two-peso bill of the Philippines? Why?
8. What happened on May 1, 1898?
9. What has the American government tried to do in the Philippines?
10. What hope did President McKinley express for the Philippines?

THE Bible is the most democratic book in the world. If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord in the world, as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by the man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by the man who in the fullest sense of the word is a true Christian, like Great Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact, as well as in theory, "doers of the Word and not hearers only."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

CHAPTER II.

THE FORBIDDEN BOOK

IN ten days the steamer reached Japan, the journey's end for many of the passengers.

"Only seven days more to Manila," those who were left cheerfully reminded each other.

Short calls were made at Yokohama and Kobe for unloading and loading freight. Then came the voyage through the Inland Sea with its beautiful island scenery. At Nagasaki another stop was made to take on coal, which was brought alongside in scows and quickly passed up in baskets by crowds of Japanese women and children.

Soon after leaving Nagasaki, the weather became warm. On the third day, hazy blue mountains were seen rising from the ocean, and the sails of many fishing boats dotted the water.

"There are the Philippines," everyone was saying. "Those are the mountains of Luzon. We shall soon be there."

"These look like Japanese boats," said Jack.

"They are," answered an old resident returning to the Islands. "The Philippine *praos* are quite different. They have bamboo outriggers and pointed sails. The Japanese fishing fleet supplies a good deal of fish to Manila."

When the "Empress" entered Manila Bay, Jack and Janet felt thrills of excitement, especially as they passed Corregidor, a lovely green island at the

mouth of the great bay, for concealed among the trees are strong fortifications for defense. In imagination they could see Dewey's ships slipping by this stronghold in the darkness, in danger at any moment of being discovered or of running upon mines. Lights were covered and all the ships would have passed without discovery, if a fireman of one vessel had not opened his furnace door and shovelled in some coal, which sent a shower of sparks through the smokestack. This gave the alarm to the Spanish fleet, which lay off Cavite, and firing began at once.

"There is Cavite ahead of us at the right on the mainland of Luzon, where you see the wireless towers," said a ship's officer, who had joined the twins for a moment.

"Is that a battleship anchored near Corregidor?" asked Jack.

"It really is a pretty good imitation of one, seen from a distance," replied the officer, "but look at it through this glass."

"Why, it is a fort of concrete rising right up out of the water," exclaimed Jack.

"It is built on a rock island, called 'El Fraile,'" said the officer. "The other small island near it is fortified, too. That is called 'Carabao' because it looks something like the back of a *carabao*, or water ox, asleep in the water. *Carabaos* are used over here for farm work and heavy teaming. They love to wallow in the mud and water. There is Manila straight ahead of us. We shall be there in less than two hours now. It is about thirty miles from Corregidor."

A crowd was gathered on the pier to meet the



NURSE, MARY JOHNSTON HOSPITAL, TEACHING MOTHER
TO CARE FOR BABY



Photograph by J. L. McLaughlin

COOKING CLASS, HARRIS MEMORIAL SCHOOL
Methodist Episcopal

steamer, when she docked. As Mr. and Mrs. Howard had friends among the missionaries in Manila, they scanned the faces eagerly to see if anyone had come to meet them.

"Hello there, Howard," called someone in the crowd, and the twins saw a dignified gentleman waving his hat frantically to attract their attention.

"It's Dr. Rodgers," said Mr. Howard, waving in reply. "And there is Mrs. Rodgers, too. How kind of them to meet us! They were the pioneer missionaries of the Presbyterian Board."

Then Mrs. Howard discovered other familiar faces. In a moment the Howards were surrounded and were shaking hands and receiving the friendliest sort of welcome to the Philippines.

All of the baggage was opened and carefully inspected by Customs officials before the passengers were allowed to leave the pier. After the inspection, the Howards parted from their friends and getting into two of the *calesas*, or two-wheeled carriages waiting in the street, told the *cocheros* to drive to the Manila Hotel.

The *cocheros*, cracking their whips and grunting at the little ponies, drove at a smart pace up the wide street. This passed through a deserted, uninteresting open space, but the old walled city ahead at once attracted the attention of the twins. On top of the walls and for some distance around them was growing the greenest, freshest grass in the world, it seemed to Janet, but perhaps that was just because she did not expect to see anything of the sort under the burning sun of the Tropics.

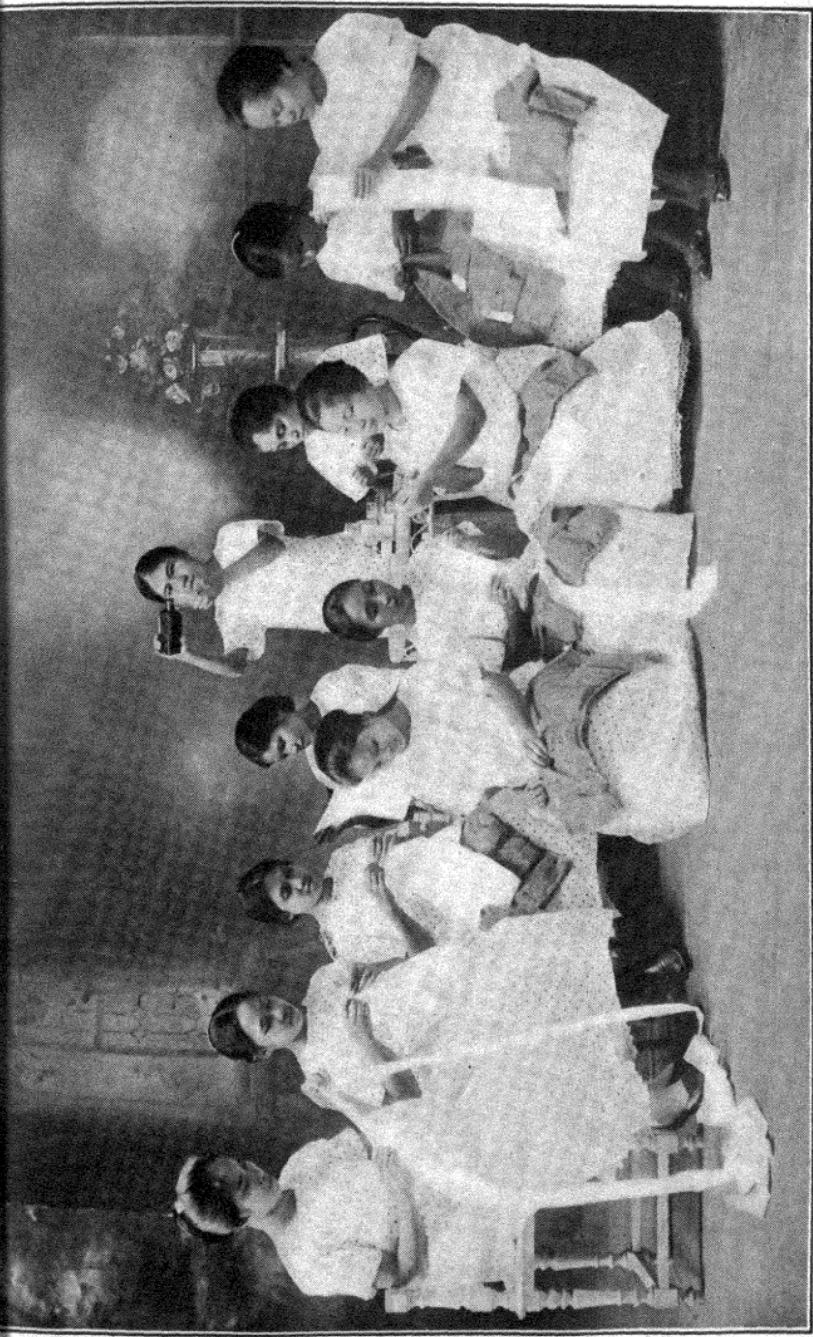
"A moat filled with stagnant water used to sur-

round the walled city," said Mr. Howard, who was in the *calesa* with Janet. "When the Americans came, the mosquito and disease-breeding moat was filled in to make this green park, where the children of Manila enjoy playing games. A beautiful aquarium is there, which I have heard is even better than the one at Honolulu."

Very soon the *calesas* came to the Luneta, the immense plaza that faces the Bay. Here they turned to the right and, following the drive between the Luneta and the sea, in a few moments came to the Manila Hotel, a large concrete building with arcades looking toward the water, the open fields, and the Luneta with its statue of Rizal and its monument to Legazpi and Urdaneta. It is interesting that both of these monuments were erected by the American government.

After luncheon, the twins took a siesta or rest according to the custom of the Tropics. At four o'clock, they started out with their father in a *calesa* to take a look at Intramuros, the interior of the walled city. Mrs. Howard expected a call from Mrs. Rodgers and stayed at home. Entering by a great gate in the wall, they found the streets narrow and shut in by buildings, many of them convents and churches. Everything looked very old, except the electric cars and automobiles.

After a short drive around Intramuros, which used to be Manila, but which is a small part of the city today, the *calesa* went on into the newer part of the city. Here the streets are broad and lined with beautiful shade trees and there are attractive American houses of concrete with shrubbery and



DEACONESSES, HARRIS MEMORIAL SCHOOL, FILLING THEIR EMERGENCY BAGS FOR SICK AND NEEDY

hanging baskets of ferns and orchids about the piazzas.

"This is just like America," said Janet.

"In comparison perhaps with other parts of the Orient," said Mr. Howard. "But look at the *carabao* carts and those pretty young ladies with the stiff gauze sleeves and long trains, which they are carefully carrying wrapped around them, and that man with the striped coat of transparent gauze that shows everything that is in his pockets, and that woman, smoking a big cigar. She is dressed something like a Burman woman with her red and yellow checked cloth tied around her for a skirt and her loose white kimono jacket barely reaching to her waist, and her heelless slippers of blue velvet which give her a shuffling gait. Look at that man carrying a huge bunch of green grass on either end of the bamboo pole balanced on his shoulder. He is staggering under the weight. And see these little boys coming home from school with half-finished baskets of bamboo, which they are learning to make. Don't their flowing white jackets look cool and comfortable? I never saw sights like that in America."

"No," said Janet, "but look at those girls carrying embroidery frames coming out of that school house. They have on American dresses and hair ribbons, and I can hear them talking English. Those young men in white suits we just passed, I thought were Americans until we came close to them. It can't be very hot here because I haven't seen a single *punkah* in the houses, though they are all open so that I can see about everything in them, and the sun's rays can't be deadly, for none of the

American ladies who came to the pier wore pith helmets, although it was nearly noon. People seem to walk, too, instead of driving everywhere. No, this isn't like the other tropical countries of the Orient. I like it here."

"It's all right for a city," said Jack, "but I'd rather get into the country. Are we going to live in Manila, father?"

"We shall not settle for the present, because I want you to travel and see something of the Islands before starting in at school. Business will keep me here for a few weeks, and you'd better learn all you can about Manila now, while you have nothing else to do."

"Good," cried Jack. "We'll explore Manila and then, Hooray for the country! I want to see a wild man or two."

"So do I," said Mr. Howard. "And we shall find them of various sorts. While seven millions of the people of the Philippines are civilized Christian Malays, some of whom are of mixed blood and called *mestizos*, the other million is made up of Negritos and of wild and half-civilized Malay tribes. They live in the mountains. Before the Malays came to the Islands from Southeast Asia, the Negritos or little Negroes were here. They were probably the original inhabitants of Malaysia. They are among the smallest people in the world."

"If the Filipinos are Christians, why do they need missionaries?" asked Janet.

"Because their Church has never allowed them to have the Bible. Until the Americans came, it meant imprisonment or banishment to read or own

one. Now that our government has established freedom, it remains for the missionaries to give the Filipinos what the Pilgrim Fathers gave us at so great sacrifice—the open Bible.

"The American and the British and Foreign Bible Societies are both working to translate the Bible into the principal Philippine dialects. I once heard a lecture on 'The Story of the Bible in the Philippines' by Mr. Tilden Eldridge. It was a wonderful story. I have Mr. Eldridge's address here. If we are near we might call on him now."

Mr. Howard took a small address book from his pocket. "Calle Isaac Peraal 636," he read. The *cochero* understood and soon stopped in front of an attractive house on a wide boulevard. It was the British and Foreign Bible House.

Mr. Eldridge welcomed the visitors cordially. Pleased at their interest in the Bibles for sale in the different dialects of the Islands, he offered to tell them anything he could about the Bible in the Philippines.

"Could we hear just a little about the days when it was a forbidden book?" asked Mr. Howard. "A missionary from China told me that years ago when he visited Manila, two things that he was not allowed to take ashore were a Bible and a pistol."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Eldridge. "People risked their lives to bring the first Bibles to the Philippines. As early as 1827, a merchant secretly brought in a package of Spanish Scriptures, sent by the American Bible Society. In 1838 and again in 1853 the British and Foreign Society tried to circulate Spanish Bibles and through an American business house

succeeded in distributing ten hundred and fifty Bibles and fifty New Testaments.

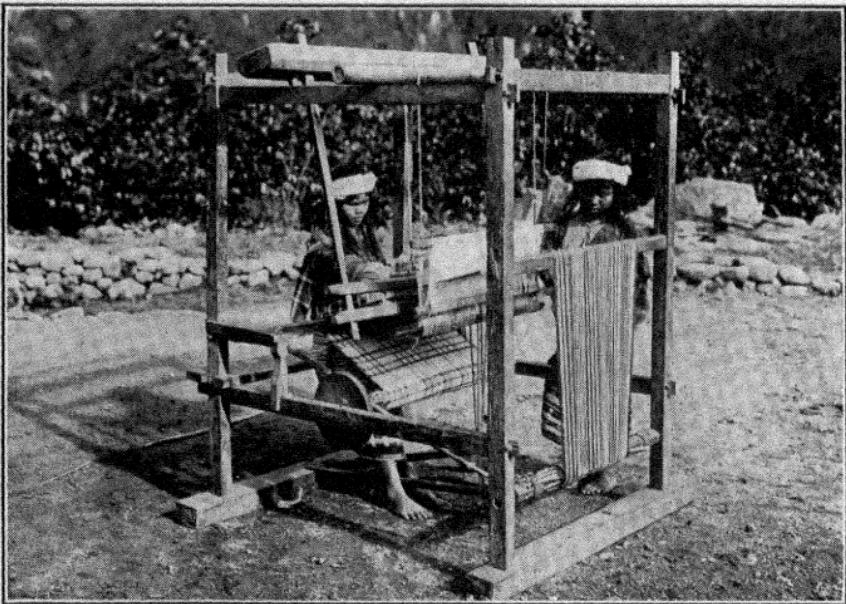
"Twenty years later a young Englishman came to Manila to fill a business position. The Bible meant a great deal to him and he felt sorry that it was unknown and forbidden not only to the common people, but even to the priests of the Church.* By disguising the covers, he was able to distribute several New Testaments. One came into the possession of Alonse Lallave, a Dominican friar, who had been working for twelve years in the Province of Pangasinan. The book so influenced his life and preaching that he was accused of heresy and excommunicated from the Church. Powerful friends in Manila helped him to escape to Spain where he lived in exile at Seville.

"Lallave felt very sad to leave the people for whom he had worked so long, but he thought of a way in which he could still help them. He decided to translate the Bible into their language. No one had yet translated it into any of the Philippine dialects.

"In 1873 the Gospel of Luke in Pangasinan was finished. Four years later the whole New Testament except Revelation was ready, and the four Gospels and the Acts already printed in Madrid by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

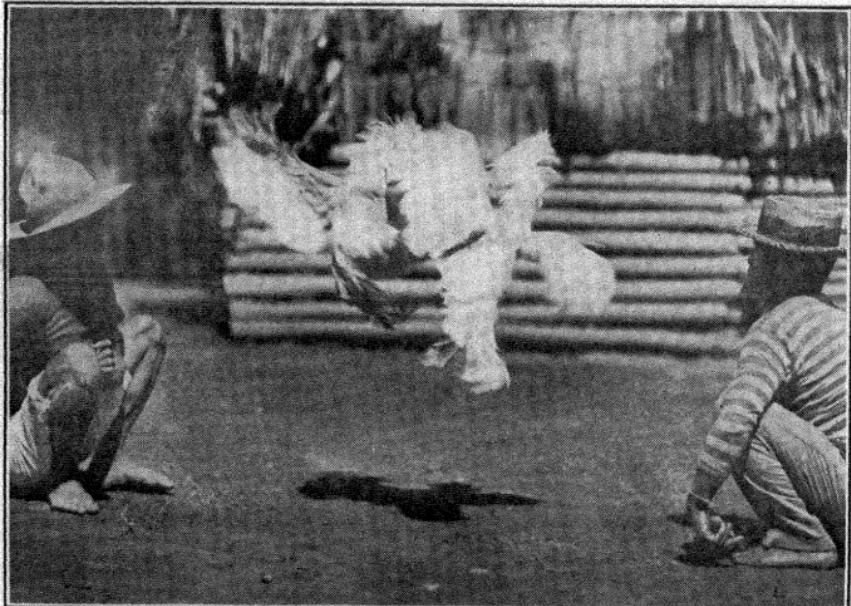
"The next question was how to distribute the books among the people for whom they had been prepared. Lallave, now an old man, was willing to take them and Senor F. de P. Castells, a young

* Mr. Goodrich, the first agent of the American Bible Society, talked with a man who had been acting priest for eighteen years in a parish of fifteen thousand people who said he had never seen a Bible.



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

BENGUET IGOROT GIRLS WEAVING CLOTH



A FILIPINO COCK FIGHT

Spaniard, who had been converted through Rev. Eric Lund, a missionary in Madrid, offered to go with him.

"They arrived in Manila in March, 1889. The reason for their coming was soon found out and they were warned of the risk they were running. In a few days both were suddenly taken ill in the hotel, where they were staying, some said with fever, others that they were poisoned. Lallave died and for days his body lay unburied on account of the hatred of the priests. Later he was buried in the English cemetery of San Pedro Macate. Castells recovered, but was arrested and thrown into prison for a spy. He was freed through the British Consul and Dr. Lamsdell, but banished from Spanish territory.

"With all this sacrifice, only seven Bibles and one New Testament in Spanish and one Chinese Bible were distributed. One of the Spanish Bibles came into the possession of Paulino Zamora, who was banished for owning it. His son, Nicolas Zamora, was the first Filipino ordained in the Protestant Church.

"In 1896, after the death of Rizal, there was a rebellion in the Philippines led by a school teacher named Aguinaldo. At that time several prominent and educated Filipinos were tortured and banished to penal fortresses in Spain. After gaining their freedom, they met Rev. R. O. Walker, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain, who asked these exiles to help translate the Bible into Philippine dialects.

"Don Pascual Poblete, a journalist, prepared the four Gospels and the Acts in Tagalog. Don Isabelo de

los Reyes, also a journalist, translated Luke into Ilocano and Don Cayetano Lucban translated Luke into Bicol. Mr. Lund prepared the translation of Mark in Visayan. Thus not long after America had opened the door to the Bible, the Bible was ready in five Philippine languages.

"Eight thousand Pangasinan Bibles and large numbers in Spanish waited at Singapore for someone to continue the work of Lallave and Castells. It was nine years before this was possible. In September, 1898, three weeks after the surrender of Manila, Bibles were for the first time sold openly on the streets of Manila by the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. Randalls, who had been agent in China, began the work of the Society. He was the first Protestant worker in the Philippines. On November 26, 1899, Mr. Goodrich started the work of the American Society.

"As there are many dialects, many islands to visit, and many difficulties to be met, both Societies have a large field. Our work is much the same. We translate, publish and distribute the Bible in the tongues of the people. In translating, each Society has agreed to be responsible for certain dialects.

"The translator has many difficulties to overcome. If the Filipino languages do not have words to express the meaning, he must invent some way of expressing it. For example—as there is no word for purple in Tagalog, the translation reads, 'And they put on him a robe the color of the eggplant.'

"Publishing is difficult and expensive. We have our printing done in Japan because of high prices here. After all, getting the Bibles into the hands of

the people is the hardest of our tasks, although it is the most interesting to tell about. We have seventeen colporteurs, young men who travel all over the country selling Bibles. They go from village to village, visiting the old and sick and trying to interest everyone in their wares. Often they suffer hardship. In the rainy season the roads are destroyed by floods. Sometimes the priest makes trouble, for the priests still try to keep the Bible from the people, but a night in jail does not discourage the colporter, who journeys on to another village next day. Perhaps there he uses Sunday school picture rolls to advertise his books. One of these pictures pasted on a tree near the market-place attracts the passers-by and, when they have heard the story of the picture, they buy the book in which it is found. Sometimes we send a stereopticon to the villages. Bible pictures are shown and explained in the public plaza at night and great interest is aroused.

"Mr. McLaughlin of the American Bible Society is particularly successful in taking moving pictures and has some splendid lectures and films. There are other ways of distributing the Bible. Mr. McLaughlin visits each United States transport, returning with troops and distributes Testaments to those interested. Many have written of the comfort received from reading them on the long voyage. The Bible Societies try to reach the prisoners, the sick in hospitals, and the lighthouse keepers.

"The missionaries say that they could not get on without the Bible Societies. Am I talking too long? Have you time for a story about Mr. Jansen and the

outlaws of Cebu? It shows how colporteurs prepare the way for the missionaries."

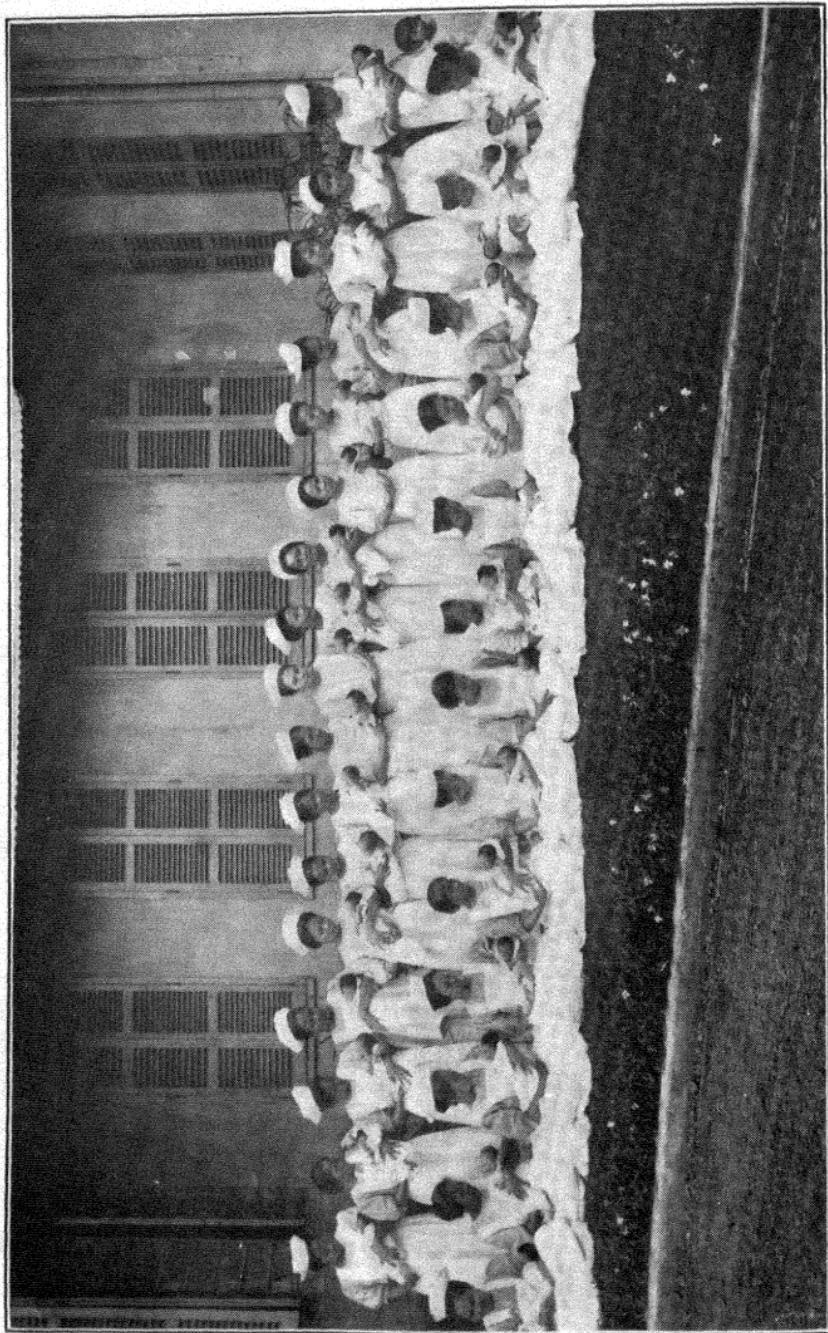
"Do tell it," said Jack. "It sounds as though it would be exciting."

"Before Protestant missionaries went to Cebu, two European agents of our Society visited the Island with the first Bibles in the dialect of the people. The books were sold in large numbers, five thousand in one town alone. Many, who came from a distance to the market held in a river bed, bought the books and took them home.

"Just before the agents left, the first Protestant missionaries arrived. A year later there were enough converts to form a flourishing church. The work spread into neighboring towns and not long after, Mr. Jansen and many people met at the town of Campostello to dedicate the first Protestant chapel, on the Island of Cebu.

"When Mr. Jansen opened the Bible to read, he found a note inside addressed to the 'Pastor.' It was from an outlaw in the mountains of northern Cebu, where bands of these men were the terror of everyone. These bands of outlaws defied the government and lived in hiding. The writer of the note said that he had bought a portion of the Bible at the market, and had taken it back to the mountains with him. He and his friends were so interested in the contents that they would like to have the Pastor come to their hiding-place and explain the book.

"Mr. Jansen wrote a note in reply, saying that he would come, and left it in the Bible. The outlaws sent guides to show him the way. For hours they



NURSE PUPILS AND NEW BABIES, MARY JOHNSTON HOSPITAL, MANILA

led him over rough mountain trails until he came to the outlaw's camp. They listened attentively as he told them what they must do, if they wished to follow Jesus and walk in the light instead of in the darkness. He said that first of all they ought to give themselves up and swear allegiance to the government. Over four hundred of the outlaws promised to do this, if Mr. Jansen would go with them, so that the officials would believe in their word.

"The outlaws were accepted by the government on condition that Mr. Jansen would take charge of them and be responsible for their behavior in the future. He put them in four camps with a head man in charge of each. These camps were the beginning of the many Protestant villages scattered over the Island of Cebu. This story shows what far-reaching results the work of the colporteurs, followed by the missionaries, may have."

"That is a fine story," said Jack. "Mr. Jansen was brave to go alone to the outlaws' camp."

"There are many such stories," said Mr. Eldridge, "but it would take too long to tell them. The story of Simeon Blas is also quite remarkable. This man was the owner of two gambling dens and two cock-pits, where gambling is also encouraged. A thousand pesos is sometimes staked on a fighting rooster. A Bible fell into his hands. He gave up his wicked life and is now pastor of a Methodist Episcopal Church."

"This has been a most interesting call," said Mr. Howard. "You have certainly given us something to remember, Mr. Eldridge. Jack and Janet will not forget these stories, but I am afraid we have stayed too long. Our *cochero* is getting restless and

we promised to be back at the Luneta at six to hear the military band play. Mrs. Howard will be anxious and we must hurry along. Many, many thanks."

"I am bursting with knowledge already," said Jack, as the *calesa* drove away. "By the time we have finished exploring Manila my brain won't hold it all."

"Your diary will," said Mr. Howard. "Don't forget to write everything down."

It was after six when the twins reached the Luneta. Sunset tints were in the sky and the hills beyond the Bay were touched with soft light. Carriages and automobiles were lined up along the drive and well-dressed people were seated on the benches beside the gravel paths or strolling on the grass, enjoying the music of the famous Constabulary Orchestra. It was not easy to find Mrs. Howard in the crowd, but Jack finally discovered her on one of the benches with Mrs. Rodgers, watching the sunset and the people.

"O, mother, we have learned such a lot," said Janet, "you ought to have been with us."

"I want to hear all about it," said Mrs. Howard. "But do look at this beautiful scene. Have you ever seen a lovelier picture than the Luneta at this hour? How attractive the Filipino ladies are in their national costume. They made me think of delicately colored butterflies in their stiff, transparent sleeves. The children, too, look well in their dainty American dresses. And see these young men sauntering along, hand in hand."

"Yes, that is a Spanish custom," said Mrs. Rodgers, "a good many of these people are Spanish



Photograph by W. T. Hilles

VIEW OF BAGUIO



Photograph by J. L. McLaughlin

ON THE WINDING ROAD TO BAGUIO

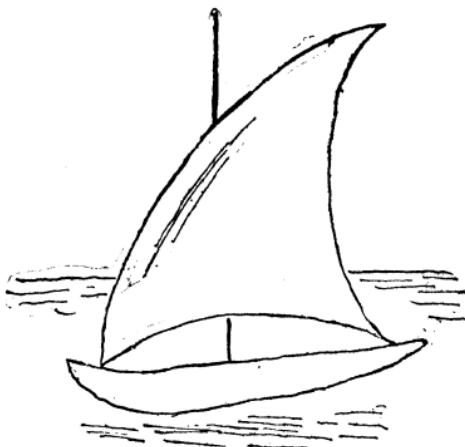
mestizos, and inherit the elegance and graceful manners of their Spanish ancestors."

"I think the people at home would be surprised to find the Filipinos so civilized," said Mr. Howard, "they are not like other Orientals. They are like Europeans."

"I believe you are beginning to like them already," said Mrs. Rodgers. "To see the best type of Filipino, you must meet some of the students, especially those who have been under the right influence in our dormitories and schools."

"O, I haven't told Jack and Janet that you are going to show us some of the missionary work here in Manila," said Mrs. Howard. "We couldn't have a better guide, because you have been here from the first."

"I am so happy to do it," said Mrs. Rodgers, rising to go, "we shall see you early on Sunday then at the Union Seminary."



QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER II.

1. Describe the entrance to Manila Bay.
2. Who were pioneer missionaries in Manila?
3. What is Intramuros? What is the Luneta?
4. Who were the original inhabitants of Malaysia?
5. Who are the Filipinos?
6. Why do they need missionaries?
7. Tell the story of Alonse Lallave.
8. What two Societies in Manila are of great help to the missionaries?
9. How do colporteurs work and what are some of the hardships they suffer?
10. Tell the story of Mr. Jansen and the outlaws of Cebu.

CHAPTER III.

VISITING MISSIONARIES IN SOUTHERN LUZON

JACK and Janet thoroughly enjoyed the first weeks in Manila and their travels later in northern and southern Luzon. They saw so many interesting things that they decided the only way to remember was to write them faithfully in their diaries, which they were apt to neglect in the pleasure and excitement of their travels. Janet found her interest chiefly in the schools and Sunday Schools where she was amazed and delighted with the children and their work. She admired the older girls and they enjoyed meeting her. Jack, too, while he was attracted by the fort and the observatory, found nothing more interesting than the Y. M. C. A. and the fine dormitories built by our Mission Boards. He was surprised that many Filipino boys could write and speak English as well as he could, thanks to the good American schools. They could play ball far better, and he thought he had never heard finer singing. Perhaps if you run over some of the pages of their diaries you will be interested and very likely you will find names of your own missionaries and accounts of the work your church has helped to do.

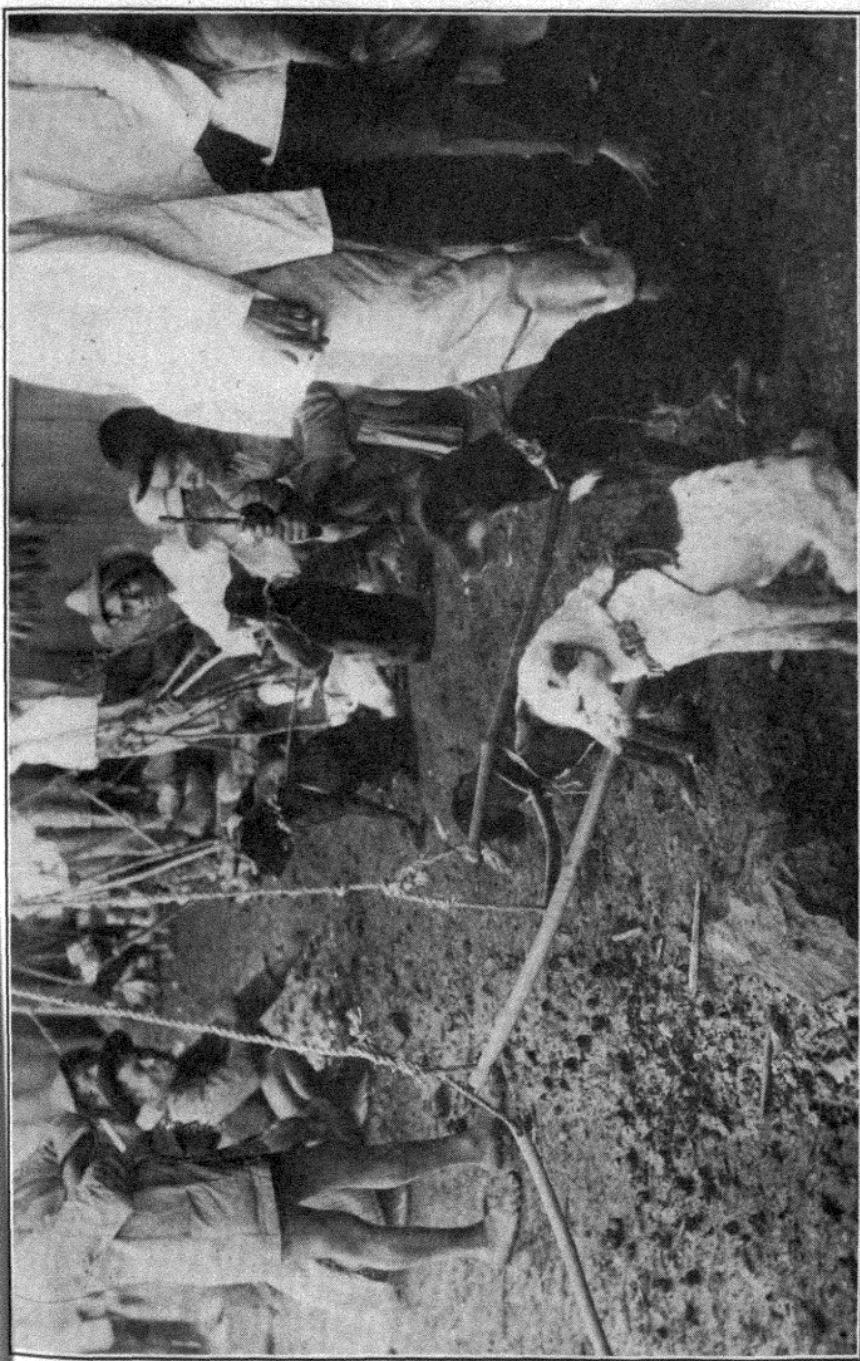
Extract from Janet's Diary. Our First Sunday in Manila

At seven in the morning we met Mrs. Rodgers at the Union Theological Seminary, a school to train

preachers. Dr. Rodgers is in charge. From there Mrs. Rodgers took us in a friend's automobile to see some Sunday Schools. We had to rush from one to the other, because they were all going on at the same time and lasted only an hour.

The first was in the Cervantes district in the Knox Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest Protestant Church in the Philippines. It was a fine big Sunday School with classes in English and in several Filipino dialects. Next door to this church is a school for girls, the Harris Memorial Deaconess Training School, under the Methodist Episcopal Woman's Board. We met the principals, Miss Decker and Miss Crabtree, and some of the girls. The graduates wear such a pretty uniform, a light blue cotton skirt and white *camisa*, which is the stiff transparent jacket the Filipina women wear.

The next school was in a large Presbyterian Church in the Tondo district. It was very much like the first. There we met a Bible woman, named Joanna Coronel. She goes every year to spend a month with the lepers on the Island of Culion. There are thirty-seven hundred of them in a colony started by the United States government. Mr. Wright of the Presbyterian Mission has been chosen to care for the mission work there. Joanna does not look like a heroine, but I think she is, or she could never stand it to live with lepers. I was afraid of them in India. There the government does not make them live apart. Then when I realized their sufferings and helplessness, I decided that even if I could not go to take care of them, I would at least help Joanna, so I gave her the five pesos father gave me



IGOROT DOG MARKET. POOR DOGGIES!

to buy curios, and asked her to get them something they would like. She says there are some girls, children of lepers, about my age and she is going to get them some pretty pictures and some paper dolls. I love paper dolls even if I am almost grown up. She thinks they would like some pretty hair ribbons and pencil cases and little diaries like mine, so I suppose lepers are just like us in their feelings.

The other schools were out of doors in Filipino villages, which are called *barrios*. The houses are something like the Burman houses. The framework is bamboo and the roofs are thatched with *nipa* palm leaves. Sometimes the sides are thatched, too. The houses are raised high above the ground and look like haystacks on stilts. You have to climb a bamboo ladder to get inside. The floors are of bamboo and you can look down through the slats and watch the pigs, goats, dogs, hens, cats, and children playing. Students from the Seminary, from Harris Memorial, from Ellinwood School, which is a Presbyterian Bible School for girls like Harris Memorial, and other young people go on Sunday to some of the *barrios* in Manila. They take with them baby organs, Sunday School picture rolls, and cards and hold Sunday School for the children, on benches under the trees.

After seeing the Sunday Schools, we went to the Union American Church. The pastor, Mr. Bruce Wright, preached. The American boys and girls have Sunday School on the roof garden of this church.

We met so many missionaries at church. The professors from the Seminary were there, Mr. Hooper

of the Presbyterian Mission, Mr. Borders of the Christian Mission, Mr. Kurtz of the United Brethren, and Mr. Ryan, who is also a Sunday School missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan asked us to go with them in the afternoon to see the Government School for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, and to the Sunday School on the lawn of the Mary Johnston Hospital, a hospital for women and children built by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

We started at four in the same automobile. The school was not far from the hotel, on the Malecon Drive. Mrs. Rice and her father, a deaf mute himself, are not called missionaries, but I should think they were the next thing to it. Mrs. Ryan says that many of the government teachers, both American and Filipino, are unselfishly giving their lives to help this country. This is the first and only school of the sort in the Islands. The children looked bright and happy. All of them learn some trade.

To get to the Mary Johnston Hospital, you cross the Pasig River on the Bridge of Spain, as we did this morning when we visited the first two Sunday Schools. It is in a poor part of the city, close to the sea. It was not quite time for Sunday School, and Dr. Parish asked us to come and look at the children's ward. Then she took us upstairs to the "ball room." We did not see the joke until she opened the door of a room full of babies. There was a row of little white cribs along the wall opposite the door and on the other side a long sort of shelf bed with babies packed in as closely as possible. They were the funniest



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

IFUGAO RICE TERRACES

There are 12,000 miles of stone walls 4 to 18 feet high, nearly one-half the distance around the world.

little squirming bundles, wrinkling up their tiny faces and screwing up their mouths to make queer sounds, which meant they were hungry. I should think there were perhaps thirty of them.

Pretty soon two Filipina nurses in blue uniforms came in, rolling a table on wheels. They put as many babies on the table as it would hold and took them all off for a ride into another room, to be fed. It was time for Sunday School now, and Dr. Parish led us to a window where we could sit and watch. She went out to play the baby organ for the hymns.

It was the prettiest sight I ever saw—that Sunday School on the green lawn close to the sea. The sun was setting and the sky and bay were full of the loveliest rose color. Men were out in the water up to their waists, digging clams with their toes. A *carabao* wandered past on the beach, but these were such common sights to the children that their attention was not taken from the lesson. Dr. Parish looked so sweet and lovely sitting at the little organ. She has had the hospital from the beginning, eleven years ago.

We are going again on Wednesday to see the kindergarten and sewing classes. I never knew a hospital did so many things, but Dr. Parish says she is trying to make hers a sort of social settlement for the poor neighborhood around it. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan told us on the way home about the beautiful Christmas tree on the hospital lawn last year. Six hundred little children were there. I do hope we can see it next Christmas.

Other Extracts from Janet's Diary

Today we visited St. Luke's Hospital. It belongs to Bishop Brent's Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Next door is the House of the Holy Child, an orphanage for American Mestiza girls. That means they had American fathers and Filipina mothers. Mrs. Fuller has sixty girls just now. They are such beautiful girls. The youngest sits in a high chair at table and has just learned to walk. Some are grown-up young ladies. They have a large playground. Mrs. Fuller asked us to come and see them in the dining room. They sang the grace "Break Thou the Bread of Life." Sometimes they use the grace the Hampton students sing,

"Thou art great and Thou art good,
And we thank Thee for this food,
By Thy grace may we be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

One day one of the girls said, "Mrs. Fuller, why can't we say 'Thou art great and Thou art nice, And we thank Thee for this rice,' because we have rice all the time and we hardly ever have bread?" Mrs. Fuller used to be at the head of the Domestic Science Department in the public schools. She wrote the book called *Housekeeping*, studied in the schools. Next to the orphanage is a church and at the other side of the hospital an embroidery school and exchange—which helps to support the Mission.

Bishop Brent's Mission has schools for the Chinese in Manila, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Studley. There are many Chinese and Chinese *mestizos* in the Islands. They are the shopkeepers of the Philip-

pines. We have been to see the first school for Chinese girls, which Mrs. Studley has just opened. Mr. Studley has had day school and night classes for boys, but the girls have never had a school before. Every mission seems to have some specially interesting work.

We have just visited the Mary Chiles Hospital of the Christian Mission. Dr. Lemmon showed us about and took us over to see the Mission Press, where illustrated religious papers are printed in Philippine dialects. From there we walked over to the Harris Memorial School. The girls were having a lesson in chorus singing in the church next door, and we went in and listened. They did sing beautifully.

In the afternoon we called on Miss Evans at Hugh Wilson Hall, the Methodist Episcopal Dormitory for girls. It is the loveliest building. Eighty girls live there. At the top is a great big roof garden, divided into rooms, where they study, read, or rest. Hundreds of students come to Manila every year to study at the University and other government schools. That is why the missions build dormitories or student homes, where the boys and girls have Christian influence and a good time together, instead of being scattered all over the city.

Miss Evans was just starting out to see some Junior Leagues and we went with her. The first was in a chapel. A graduate deaconess, in the fresh blue skirt and white *camisa*, which is their uniform, and a student assistant, were teaching forty children about Samuel. The children were delighted with the cards which were given them. Miss Evans said

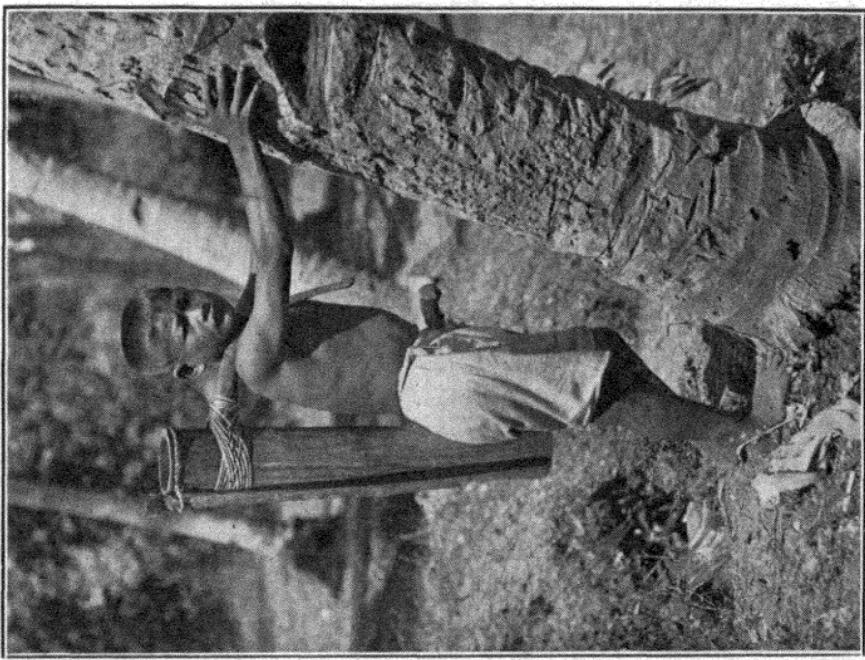
children in America sent the cards. She told us about the organized Junior League of the Cervantes Church. The Mercy and Help Department is making scrapbooks and little dresses for Christmas at the Mary Johnston Hospital. They are beginning work for the Red Cross, too. Another Junior League we saw was in a Filipino house. The children were sitting in a circle on the floor and the deaconess was telling them a Bible story.

This afternoon we called on Miss Bartholomew, Miss Hodge, and Miss Hannan, who have charge of the Ellinwood School and Dormitory for girls. It is a beautiful building. We went all through it, even into the kitchen and laundry. Filipino stoves are not like ours. The fire is made on a table on top of a layer of sand, covered with ashes. The kettles are set on little stands over the coals. Clothes are washed with wooden paddles instead of soap. The dirt is beaten out. If it is done carefully, the clothes are not harmed by the beating. The ironing is done with a charcoal iron. The fire is inside the iron.

Tomorrow we are going to see some day-nurseries, which have been started by the Woman's Club.

*Extract from Jack's Diary. The Most
Interesting Sights in Manila*

Of course, Fort William McKinley and Corregidor are very interesting places to see, because they are the two biggest American Army Posts. That is, they were bigger than anything in America before this war. We drove out to Fort McKinley to call on the Saffords. Mr. Safford is in charge of the



BOY CLIMBING FOR "TUBA" PALM WINE



Photograph by Casanave, Iloilo
NEGRITO WOMEN

Army Y. M. C. A. The buildings are fine. One was given by Mrs. Russell Sage. We saw the gymnasium, swimming-pool, and all the other things men like. There are three big Y. M. C. A. buildings near together in the city—a Filipino City Y, a Filipino Student Y, and an American Y. We know Mr. Turner of the Student Y. He is all right, and so is Mrs. Turner. They do lots of good.

Corregidor is wonderful. You never would think there could be so much on that innocent-looking green island. We had to get a pass to go over, from the office at Fort Santiago, which isn't used as a fort now. It is in the walled city and prisoners used to be kept there in dungeons and cruelly treated. Now the dungeons are closed up. Father knows the officer in charge at Corregidor and we spent the day with him. The officers all have houses on "Topside." We went up there on the electric car line, that runs in a spiral around the hill from "Bottomside" through "Middleside" to "Topside." After luncheon we looked at the batteries, and saw the barracks on "Middleside" and walked around the clean Filipino village on "Bottomside," and took a look at the school, the shops, and the bakery. There is a "Cine" on each level, where religious meetings are held for the soldiers on Sundays.

Another interesting place is Bilibid, the model prison. To get there, you take an electric car at the foot of the Escolta, the principal shopping street of Manila. The shops are all on the other side of the Pasig River. You usually go across on the Bridge of Spain. The prisoners drill every afternoon at five, unless it rains. You go up into a tower to watch the

drill. It is like being in the hub of a wheel. There is a high wall all around the grounds and other walls radiate from the hub like spokes. The women drill at the same time as the men, but on account of the walls they could not see each other, although we could see them all from the tower. At the end, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the prisoners went to get their supper, which they carried to their rooms. Bilibid is like a big school. The prisoners learn to make all sorts of things. We saw some of the furniture made by the men and embroidery done by the women.

The Jesuit Observatory is another wonderful place. Father Algué has instruments for testing typhoons and earthquakes and one which you can hold to your ears and hear the volcanoes grinding. People say the typhoons are made here, because warnings are sent from this observatory for the shipping of China and Japan.

Paco Cemetery is a curious old place. You go in at a gate in a high circular wall, and inside you see another circular wall. Between you can walk on a mossy path under thick shade trees, and read the names on the tombs in the walls.

The most wonderful sights of all are the splendid new concrete buildings of the University, the Medical School and new Laboratory, the Normal School and Normal Hall, where the girls live, the General Hospital, and the beautiful Mission Dormitories. There is a Methodist Episcopal Dormitory for boys and one for girls, a Christian Dormitory for boys, a Protestant Episcopal Dormitory for boys, a Presbyterian Dormitory for boys and one for girls at Ellin-

wood School, and a United Brethren Dormitory for boys. They are all near the University, which is on Taft Avenue, a fine wide boulevard.

Near the dormitories and schools is the Central Methodist Episcopal Church. It used to be for Americans, but now it is called the Student Church. Dr. Rader is the pastor. Last year he asked Mr. Calkins of the American Y. M. C. A. to teach a Bible class of thirty-five young men. They decided to call themselves the "Brothers of Ninety-nine," and started out to get ninety-nine members. The number grew and grew, until one Sunday there were 717 present. The other classes had to meet in houses and dormitories near by, to make room for them.

Tomorrow we are going to begin our travels in Luzon. I am glad to get this written up before we start.

Extracts from Janet's Diary. Southern Luzon

We have just had two lovely trips. The first was not very long. Father wanted to look at some cocoanut groves in Laguna, Tayabas, and Batangas Provinces, south of Manila. He thought we would enjoy going in an automobile instead of in the train, as the roads through these provinces are very good and the scenery is interesting.

From Manila, we followed the Pasig River, which is only fourteen miles long. It is soon lost in a very large lake, called Laguna de Bay for the town of Bay. This lake is twenty-five miles long and twenty-one miles wide. Floating in the river and lake, we saw hundreds of cocoanuts. This is the way they are shipped to Manila. They are tied together with

their own fibres and floated down to the city. We saw all sorts of boats, large and small. Launches and steamers carry passengers, and native house-boats, called *cascos*, carry freight. They are long and low with rounded tops.

We stopped at Los Baños on the Lake and saw the famous springs of boiling mud. There is an Agricultural College and School of Forestry there, connected with Manila University. Next door to the College buildings, the Presbyterian Mission has just built a beautiful Student Church, with a library and reading room attached. There are six hundred students in the College from different parts of the Philippines, where different dialects are spoken, but they all understand English, the language used in the schools, and the services of the Student Church are in English. The dialect spoken in Laguna Province is Tagalog, and the missionary, Mr. Hamilton, has churches in different parts of the Province for the Tagalogs. We called on Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. They live next to the church in a bamboo house, not so nice as the church.

I have learned that all the missions in Luzon south of Manila are Presbyterian and that there are no Presbyterian missions north of Manila. This is because in the Philippines the missionaries have a society, called the Evangelical Union, which has divided up the islands among the different missions. Southern Luzon was given to the Presbyterians.

From Los Baños we went on to Lucena, the capital of Tayabas Province. It is a very pretty town on Tayabas Bay, about eighty-three miles southeast of Manila. All along the road we passed



IGOROT CHILDREN CARRYING BABIES, SAGADA



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

BAND AT BULACAN; INSTRUMENTS, EXCEPT DRUMS, ARE BAMBOO

rice fields and groves of cocoanut palms. Lucena looks like a big cocoanut grove with a mountain in the middle. We stayed all night there with Mr. and Mrs. Magill, who are missionaries. Four years ago their house burned down and they had to jump from a second-story window to escape being burned to death. Dr. Magill is a great Tagalog scholar and was working on corrections in the Tagalog Bible, when the fire came and destroyed all his work.

Now the Magills have a pretty new concrete house and chapel. Hardly any of the houses in the Philippines have glass windows. Most of the windows have little square panes of thin, flat oyster shells, which are much prettier than glass. The latticed frames are made to slide open or shut, but they are almost never shut. The roofs of the houses are not so pretty. They are usually of grey corrugated metal.

On the way back to Manila, we stopped at Batangas, where we met the very same Mr. Jansen, who went to the outlaws' camp. Mr. and Mrs. Jansen have just left Cebu to start new work in Batangas.

Then we went to Bombon Lake and saw Taal Volcano, which is right in the middle of the lake. It is one of the lowest volcanoes in the world, and very easy to climb. To the lowest point in the crater rim is only 369 feet. A terrible eruption of Taal on January 30, 1911, killed fourteen hundred people in a few minutes. This was our last stop. It was only thirty-nine miles from there to Manila.

Not long after this trip, Father had to go to Albay, where very good hemp is grown. It is raised on the slopes of Mount Mayon, the famous volcano, which is said to be the most perfect cone in the world. It

is so beautiful that people call Mayon the Fujiyama of the Philippines.

We went on a steamer from Manila and slept on cots on deck, which was great fun. The steamer went around the southern tip of Luzon and then north a little way to the lovely blue Bay of Albay, with Mount Mayon rising 7916 feet at its northern end.

We took a motor trip around Mayon, one hundred and twenty miles around the base of the mountain. A good road for automobiles has been built. The volcano rises from a level country, green with cocoanut and banana groves and rice fields. Towns and villages surround the mountain and its sides are covered with groves of *abaca*, which is hemp. The *abaca* plant looks exactly like a banana plant. We met *carro* after *carro*,* loaded with hemp fibre, going down to Legaspi, the port of Albay, to be shipped to Manila. Bundles of hemp are lovely to look at—just like huge hanks of glistening, fine raw silk. It is a great deal of work to prepare the fibre. Every bit of pulp must be scraped off with a knife, and dried in the sun. The fibre is in the leaves and stems.

Albay is a fertile and beautiful province, but I should not choose to live at the foot of a volcano. There are often severe earthquakes and towns are sometimes destroyed, for Mayon is very active, at times. It is very hard to climb. We did not try to, although the view from the top is wonderful. You can see several Provinces, and the Island of Samar on a clear day.

*ox-cart



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

NATIVE MARKET IN THE PHILIPPINES

One of the first things we noticed in the town of Albay was a concrete building on the main street, with "Milwaukee Dormitory" in big letters over the entrance. Of course, we thought right away of what made Milwaukee famous, and Jack said, "Do you suppose that is a new way of advertising?"

A gentleman, coming out of the building, heard him and laughed. He introduced himself as Mr. Brown, and said, "Come in and see what Milwaukee stands for here." Then he explained that the Dormitory was the gift of Milwaukee Presbytery, which supports the Albay Mission. Thirty-three high school students live there.

We went in and saw the big assembly room with a fine piano, given by Captain and Mrs. Titus of the U. S. Army Post at Albay, and across the hall the dining room, which is used as a game room and library, too. There are already 1450 books and Milwaukee is sending five hundred dollars' worth of new books, which will make this the best library in the Province.

I am going to see if I can remember some of the ways Mr. Brown told us the building is used. On Sunday, church and Sunday school are held there for all the English-speaking people in town. There are quite a good many because of the army post. On Sunday morning Mr. Brown has a Bible class of students who meet around a big round table. He calls them the "Knights of the Round Table." A Christian Endeavor of forty members meets there and quite often the boys have socials for their friends. In vacation, the Dormitory is used for a Bible school for people from the churches all over the Province.

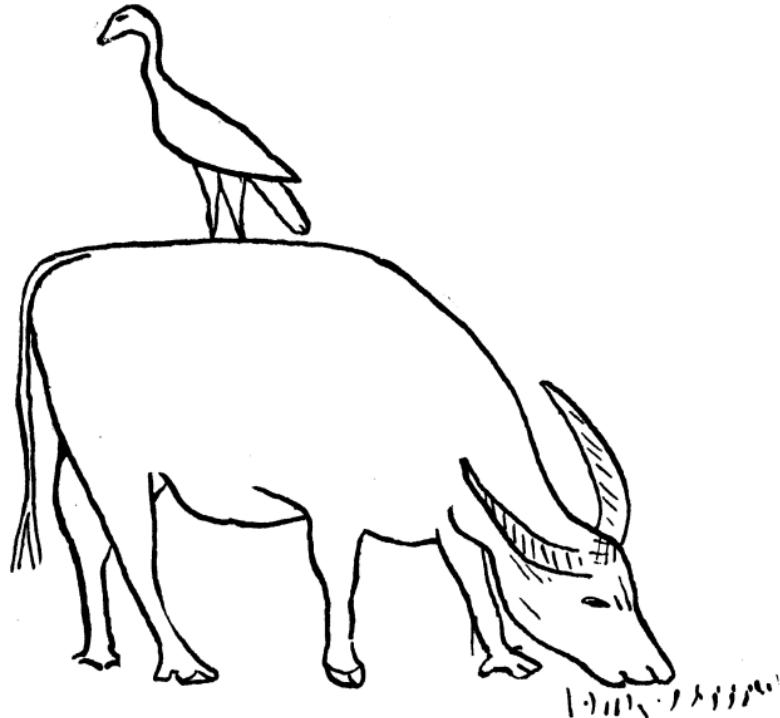
Mr. Brown has charge of the mission work in Albay and Sorsogon Provinces. He travels with his "Assistant Missionary," a Ford car, when he visits the churches. Usually Mrs. Brown and Barbara go, too.

We became great friends with the Browns. They are the only missionaries in the extreme south of Luzon except the MacDonalds who live in Naga, in the Province of the Two Camarines, just north of Albay Province. It is a large Province with great forests and few good roads. I wish we could have seen it, but we did not have time to go there. Naga is an important town. A Roman Catholic bishop lives there and people come from far and near to the big church fiestas, when images are carried in processions through the streets. Mr. MacDonald has a chapel and boys' dormitory.

Mrs. Brown told us a list of horrors that happened at Naga, in 1916. First there were four very hot months, when every American in town had fever. Then came a terrible typhoon, which unroofed nearly all the houses, and this was followed by six other typhoons. For months the noise of putting on new iron roofs was nerve racking. Then came a cholera epidemic. One of the dormitory boys had it, and Mr. MacDonald came down with it later. The doctor was away and Mrs. MacDonald had to care for her husband without a doctor. She knew what to do because of the dormitory case, and Mr. MacDonald got well. The next thing was a scourge of locusts, which ate up all the crops, and then rinderpest killed off many cattle. A big post office robbery, and a fire followed. I think there were more things, but these are all I remember. I don't like the Philip-

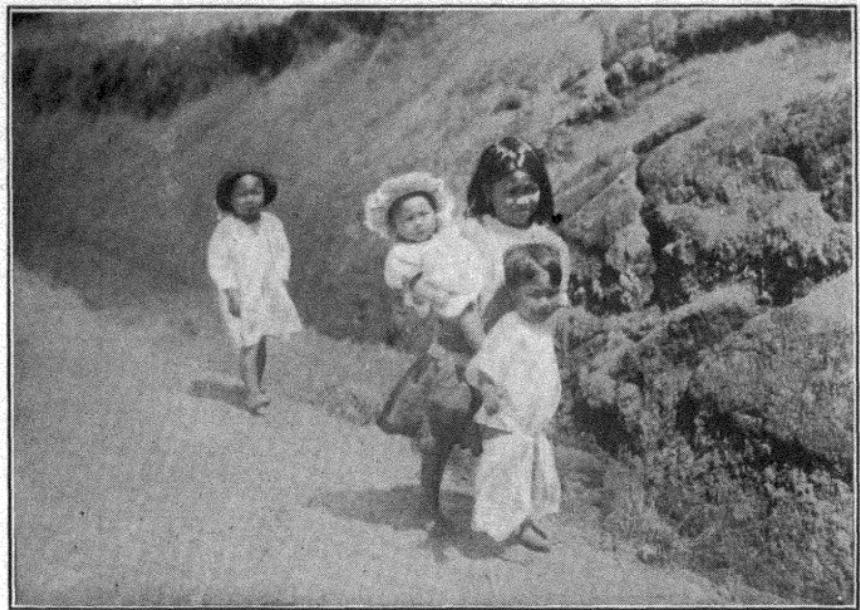
pines quite so well, since hearing all this, but I think the missionaries are heroes.

We are back in Manila now, but not for long. Soon we are going to Baguio for the hot season, and we hope to take some trips to other places in northern Luzon.

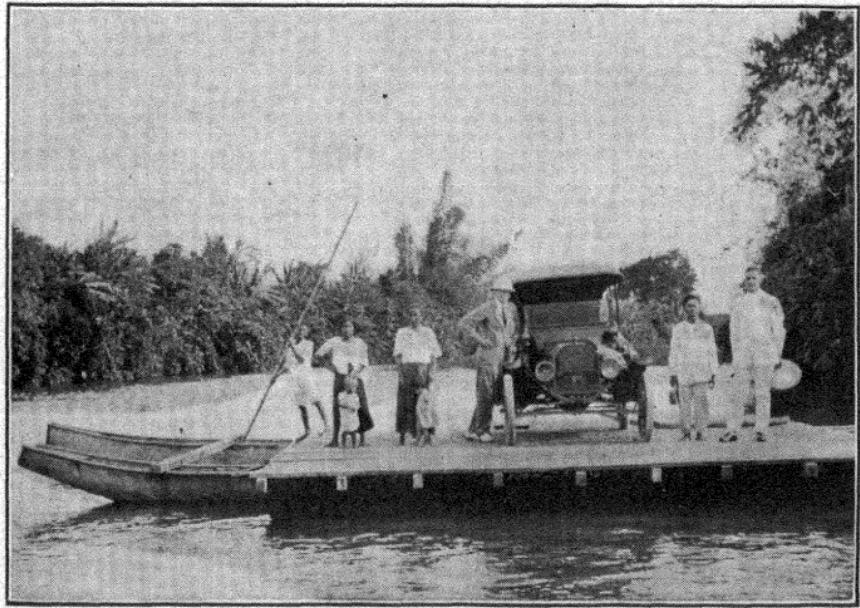


QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER III.

1. What is the largest Protestant Church in the Philippines? What school is next door?
2. What is Ellinwood School?
3. Describe the twins' visit at the Mary Johnston Hospital.
4. Describe their visit at the House of the Holy Child.
5. Name four different kinds of work done by the Mission of the Christian Church in Manila.
6. What is Bilibid? What is Culion?
7. Why do the missions build more dormitories than schools in the Philippines?
8. What did the twins see at Los Baños and Lucena?
9. Describe the trip to Albay, and the twins' visit there.
10. What happened to the missionaries at Naga in 1916?
11. How many missions and missionaries can you remember?



A LITTLE SISTER-MOTHER GOING TO MARKET



THE "FORD" CROSSING ON THE FERRY-RAFT

CHAPTER IV.

WITH THE WILD PEOPLE IN NORTHERN LUZON

Jack's Account of the Trip North

NORTH of Manila is a fine country. We have seen just enough to make me want to see more. To travel in all parts of Luzon would take a long time, because there are no railroads in the mountains, and Luzon, the island farthest north, is pretty big—the largest of the Philippines and thirteenth largest in the world. Mindanao, the island next in size, is in the south. Between Luzon and Mindanao are the Visayan Islands, where we are going soon. There are big sugar plantations in the Visayas.

We spent April and May in Baguio, a beautiful place in the mountains of Benguet, a sub province of Mountain Province. Americans go there during these months for their summer vacations and schools are closed. I can't see much difference in the seasons, myself. All the months are so much alike that it is hard to remember whether it is December or June.

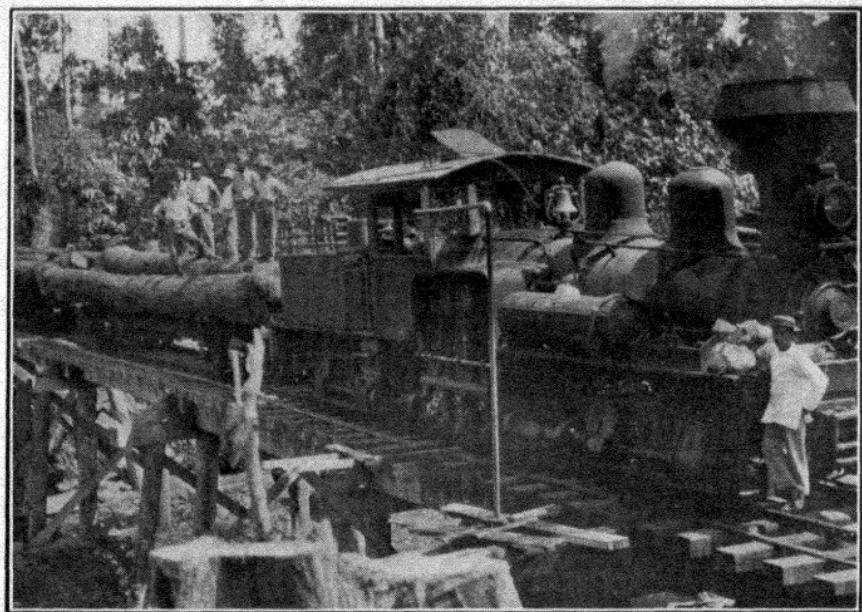
Baguio is "the gateway to the wild man's country." We saw Igorots there and took some wonderful tramps over the mountain trails to some of their villages. The cool air that blows through the big pines at Baguio makes you feel full of life and ready for long hikes. The word Igorots means "mountain people," and all the wild tribes of northern Luzon are Igorots, but the name is used especially for the

people of Benguet. Other tribes are the Bontoc Igorots, the Ifugaos, the Kalingas, and the Ilongots. They were all head hunters, but since the Americans came and gave them kind, wise governors, there is not very much head taking. The wild men are learning that our government is friendly and anxious to help them. I am getting prouder and prouder of our government over here. It is so fair and thinks of the Filipinos and their welfare in everything.

First I must write about the trip from Manila. The usual way to go is to take the seven-o'clock train in the morning or the eight-o'clock special to Magaldan, where the big Bureau of Public Works' automobile meets you and carries you the rest of the way. It takes only six hours on the train and three hours more in the auto to go from a tropical into a temperate climate. Baguio is only five thousand feet above sea level, but there are sometimes frosts there and pine logs are burned in the fireplaces all the year round. Instead of going in the train, we motored, so that we could stop at some interesting places.

I am trying to remember how Luzon is divided among the different Missions. Mother says to think of Presbyterians south of Manila and Methodists north of Manila in all the Provinces except three. The United Brethren have the Province of La Union, the Christian Mission has Ilocos Norte and work in Ilocos Sur, and the Protestant Episcopal Church has Missions for the wild tribes of Mountain Province.

Several important Methodist Episcopal Missions are on the way from Manila to Baguio. We visited those at Malolos, San Fernando, Dagupan, and Lingayen.



Photograph by Norma W. Thomas, Iloilo

CARRYING LOGS FROM A PHILIPPINE FOREST



Photograph by Norma W. Thomas

FILLING THEIR BAMBOO WATER PAILS

First we called on Mr. and Mrs. Cottingham at Malolos, Bulacan. There is a new church at Malolos and there ought to be a boys' and a girls' dormitory soon, for students come from all over the province to go to the high school. The United States government has put primary schools in many small towns, but only one high school in each province, in the capital, of course. At the mission dormitories the students can live cheaply and have a good time under Christian influence. When they finish school, they carry the influence to their homes in scattered parts of the country.

Mrs. Cottingham has a Sunday School class of sixty-seven boys, called "The Pathfinders." She told us that Mr. Ryan was coming to Malolos soon. He is the Sunday School secretary we met in Manila. He travels from one mission station to another during several months of the year, helping to train Sunday School teachers and to build up good Sunday Schools. All the missionaries are anxious to have him come. They say that it pays to have a Sunday School missionary, for the Sunday School is the most important part of the church.

Our next stop was at San Fernando, Pampanga. Mr. and Mrs. Housley have charge of the country where the Pampanga dialect is spoken. Last year there were wonderful revivals, which brought 2,693 new members into the Pampanga churches.

Miss Thomas, who was sent out by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, lives at the Girls' Dormitory at San Fernando. She has charge of Sunday Schools and Junior Leagues in the *barrios*, and five deacon-

esses to help her. As so few people use the Pampanga dialect, not very much has been printed in it, and Miss Thomas has to prepare all her Sunday School lessons on a mimeograph. She sends them out every week to over fifty *barrios*.

We met one of the deaconesses, Miss Isabel Romero, who teaches the Junior Leagues for *barrio* children on week days and the children of San Fernando on Saturday afternoons. Their Junior League is in English. They are sending their *centavos* to help the Negrito children in the mountains west of San Fernando. The Filipino deaconesses and pastors support the missionary to the Negritos. They give one-tenth of their small salaries to do this. His name is Godafredo Diva.

Miss Thomas said if we would only stay, she would take us for a trip into the Negrito country. They are the lowest class of savages. They do not build houses or wear much of any clothing, but roam like animals through the forest. We are going to write to America for post cards, Sunday School lesson pictures, and Sunday School picture rolls. Miss Thomas needs thousands of them in her work.

Our next stop was at Dagupan. We called on Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, who have charge of Pangasinan Province. Pangasinan means "the place where salt is." There are natural salt deposits there. In Dagupan there are ever so many Chinese. We hurried away without seeing much, in order to get to Lingayen before dark. It is just an hour's ride from Dagupan. We spent the night with Miss Washburn and Miss Blakely at the Deaconess Training School of the Woman's Foreign Missionary

Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is like the Harris Memorial School in Manila, only the classes at Lingayen are in the Ilocano dialect. At Manila the classes are in English.

Lingayen is a very pretty place. We took our supper in a *banca* on the river. A *banca* is a big canoe, made of a hollowed tree trunk. It has bamboo outriggers. All along the river banks were *nipa* swamps. *Nipa* is the palm used for the thatched roofs. It is also used in the manufacture of alcohol. There were other trees ablaze with fireflies, and such a beautiful sunset. The sunsets are always beautiful over here, because there are so many clouds. The cloudless sky in Egypt and India must get very tiresome. The moonlight here is softer than anywhere else. On moonlight nights, Filipino children stay out late and play and the older people strum on musical instruments and sing until late into the night. We enjoyed our moonlight picnic at Lingayen. Miss Washburn said we ought to stay another night and take a moonlight swim.

The next day we went on to Baguio. The Benguet Road is wonderful. It zigzags through a canyon over bridges and past waterfalls. When you reach Baguio, a big rustic sign, made of pine branches, spells "Welcome." We passed under this rustic entrance built over the road and soon came to Hotel Pines, where we stayed.

The next morning was Sunday. Janet and I got up early and went for a walk before breakfast. Pretty soon we heard the whining and barking of dogs and saw a lot of Igorots standing around with hampers tied on their backs. It was the Igorot

Dog Market. Every Sunday the Igorots bring the skinniest, most forlorn-looking dogs to market. Hundreds of them must have been tied up there waiting for their fate, which was to be roasted and eaten. I don't know why the Igorots prefer to buy the thinnest dogs. It may be because the flavor is better, but I think perhaps it is because they are cheaper.

The Igorots at the market were not very clean, but they looked strong and intelligent. They wore striped blankets of dark reds and blues and other colors. At the hotel, the waiters are Igorot boys, but they wear clean white suits and speak English, because they have been to school. There is a government school for boys at Teachers' Camp, and one for girls, called Bua School, on a spur of the mountain with a wonderful view over the valley.

Bishop Brent's schools at Baguio are famous. There is one for American boys and another for American girls. I should like to go to school in Baguio. Father thinks perhaps I may. Mr. Ogilby takes the boys on trips into the heart of the wild men's country. That is what I should like, but the boys have to study hard, too. Easter School is Bishop Brent's Industrial School for Igorots. The boys learn printing and carpentry and the girls weave on big looms the prettiest striped cloth in Igorot colors and designs. It is used for pillow and table covers and belts and bags. People buy them to help support the school. The colors and patterns look something like American Indian work.

Baguio is spread out over a number of hills and valleys and you have to walk long distances to see it

all. There are plenty of interesting things besides the Igorots. I liked Camp John Hay. The officers' houses have fine gardens with violets, pansies, and other home flowers and there is a big amphitheatre for concerts and entertainments. Then there is Teachers' Camp, with tents to sleep in and a big social hall and mess hall, where the fireplaces burn huge pine logs. About fifteen kilometres from the hotel is the Antimoc gold mine. A kilometre is three-fifths of a mile. It is interesting to see the ore treated with chemicals to separate the gold. Near the Jesuit Observatory is an old Igorot burying ground. There isn't much there except a few scattered bones. After all, I always come back to the Igorots as what interested me most.

Often on our walks we met men from the wilder parts of the mountains. A band of these warriors carrying long spears and wearing blankets wrapped around them, coming around a distant bend in the mountain trail above us, looked as fearful as a company of ancient Roman soldiers charging upon us. I have seen pictures of them in histories at school.

In the market place, we often saw different kinds of Igorots. You can tell the tribe by the way the hair is worn. The Bontocs cut theirs very short all the way around. The Ifugaes wear theirs long, and have funny little round skull caps perched on top of their heads. The Benguet Igorots are smaller than the Kalingas and Ifugaos and wear more clothing.

One day we saw a very strange sight in a village just out of Baguio. Under one of the thatched houses, which are raised about six feet above the ground,

an old man was seated in a chair. He was dead, and a slow fire was smoking on the ground under him. His family and friends were gathered there having a feast of roast pig. Every day for twenty-four days, a pig was killed and eaten and then, when no one could sacrifice another animal, the old man was taken from his chair and placed in a coffin, made of a hollowed log. A hole was dug in the mountain-side and the coffin was pushed into it. The next day the family killed a chicken. When the chicken was opened, the entrails fell a certain way, which showed that the old man did not like his resting place, and the family had to dig out the coffin and find another place for it. This man was very rich. Usually the funeral feast does not last so long as twenty-four days, but only as long as the family and friends can afford to sacrifice animals.

Many of the strange customs of the wild men have to do with their religious beliefs. They are spirit worshippers. When the Ifugaos plant their wonderful rice terraces, they always go through a certain ceremony. Where they stop planting, they stick a blade of grass into the ground. It is a big, tough grass, that grows in this country. Then a chicken is killed and the blood poured over the blade of grass. No one dares to disturb this offering to the spirit of the rice field.

I never expect to see anything more wonderful or beautiful than the Ifugao rice terraces, as we saw them from Banaue Valley. That was when we took the horseback trip to Sagada and Bontoc over the mountain trail, built by the government. The mountains are high and the sides very steep, but

from the valleys to the tops, they are covered with terraced rice fields, irrigated by mountain streams which are made to flow in ditches. The stone walls that hold the terraces to the mountainsides are built without cement, but they are so solid that typhoons never wash them away. The curves of the winding walls and the bright green fields are too beautiful to describe. I tried to count the terraces on one mountain. They go up like steps. Beginning at the bottom, I counted up to one hundred and fifty, as far as I could see, but that was not nearly all.

The scenery on that trip from Baguio to Bontoc, Sagada, and Banaue is all beautiful. We saw great tree ferns and lovely orchids and lilies in the forest. It seems wonderful that even in these mountains the United States government has built public schools. They have thatched roofs and don't look like our schools, but they fly the American flag and the half-wild children learn their lessons in English. The teachers are boys, who a few years ago were as rough and wild as the boys they are now teaching, but you never would guess it. They look so bright and so trim in their clean white suits.

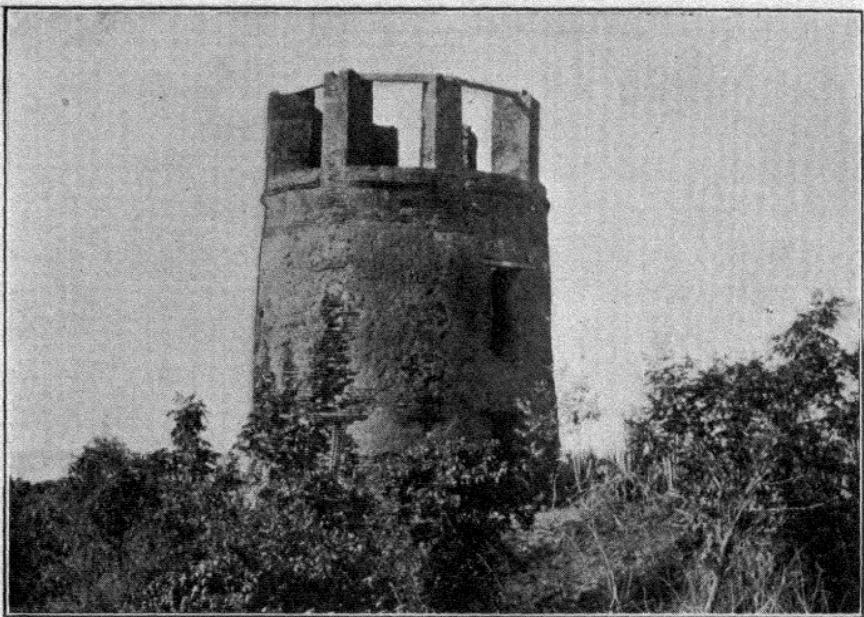
Sagada has a splendid Protestant Episcopal Mission called the Mission of St. Mary the Virgin. Father Staunton is in charge. There is a church, a printing press, a saw mill, a quarry, a hospital, a farm, a school for girls and a school for boys, and I don't know what else. You never would believe there could be all these things in such a wild, out-of-the-way place as Sagada. The mountain tribes have never known Christianity. They still fear and worship the spirits which they believe are in the

ground and in the air. These people are naturally intelligent, honest, and industrious. It is worth while to civilize and Christianize them.

The Bontoc Igorots have a queer custom. Their houses are so small, that there is not room for large families to sleep in them. They are made of grass and have only one little room. On this account the children do not sleep at home after they are four years old. Then the girls go every night to sleep in a house with all the other girls in the village, and the boys go to the house where the boys sleep.

Bontoc is the capital of Mountain Province. Bishop Brent's Mission has work there, too, and in other towns of that district. At Besal, eight kilometres from Sagada, is Deaconess Hargreave's School for Igorot children. It is something like Easter School, which she started.

We hated to leave Baguio. We came down a different way, over the old Naguilian Trail, which the soldiers used before the Americans built the Benguet Road. It goes over the ridges instead of between them like the Benguet Road. Almost as soon as you leave Baguio, you can see the ocean and you never lose sight of it the rest of the way. This trail takes you into the Province of La Union. We went by automobile. An American negro, named Smith, in San Fernando, Union, runs an auto in the holiday season between Baguio and San Fernando. About ten kilometres before we reached San Fernando, we came to Bauang Sur, where we had to cross a wide river on a *balsa* or raft ferry. It seems pretty risky to take autos on these frail-looking bamboo rafts, but nothing happened to us.



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

WATCH TOWER AGAINST MOROS, ILOCOS SUR



A MORO VILLAGE

At San Fernando, the capital of Union, the United Brethren Mission has one of the prettiest little concrete churches we have seen, a Deaconess training school and girls' dormitory in charge of Miss Weber, and a dormitory for boys. There is no mission hospital yet. There is a fine press, which prints a paper and books and pamphlets in Ilocano. The Methodist Episcopal missionaries use many of these books and papers.

From San Fernando, we motored north along the coast to Vigan. Here are Methodist Episcopal and Christian Missions. The Christian Mission has a press, a Bible college and dormitory for boys, and a hospital. The Methodist Mission has dormitories for boys and for girls. The Dean of the Christian dormitory is Pablo Bringas, a mighty nice fellow. He is also Evangelist of the church at Vigan. He is a graduate of Vigan High School and of Silliman Institute, the Presbyterian college for boys and girls, that people talk so much about. I think we are going to see it, when we go to the Visayans.

We called on Dr. and Mrs. Kline at the Frank Dunn Memorial Hospital of the Christian Mission. Mrs. Kline told us that some of the nurses trained here have interesting stories. One named Francisca came a long way, from a tribe in Nueva Viscaya. Her tribal name is Gadang. There are only a few thousand people of this tribe. Her brother brought her to the hospital. The journey took several weeks. After a few days the brother went home. Francisca was so homesick that she cried all the time and could not learn anything. She had news that her mother was ill and later that her house had burned

down, and finally that her mother had died, but she could not go home. It was too far to go alone on foot, as she would have to. She just had to be brave and overcome her homesickness. She has become a splendid nurse and is working for the government in the public schools of Manila. To this day she has never been able to go home and visit her people.

From Vigan we motored north for two hours more to Laoag, a large town, the capital of Ilocos Norte. An important mission of the Christian church is there. We visited the Mission hospital, called the Sallie Long Read Memorial, a fine new concrete building. All who come to this hospital go away with something besides medicine. They have heard about the Bible and they carry gospels or other portions of the Bible to their homes, where the Bible is not known.

From Laoag, we went back over the same road to Vigan and San Fernando and across the river again on the *balsa*. At Bauang Sur on the other side, we took the train to Manila.

Off for the Visayas. Jack's Journal

I am writing this on the boat. We are on our way to Iloilo. The "Viscaya" isn't much of a steamer, but I like to be on the water and I don't mind the *carabaos* that share the lower deck with the passengers. Janet is afraid of them. She says their horns look so terrible. They don't like white people, but the Filipino children can do anything with them. They ride them and take care of them all day in the fields. It was exciting to see the *carabaos* come up



NURSES OF THE CHRISTIAN MISSION, VIGAN



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

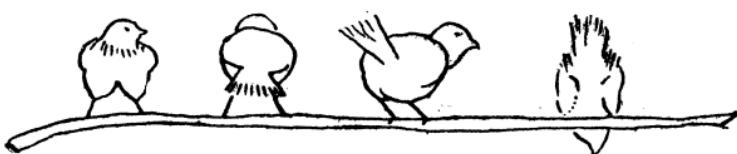
SCHOOL HOUSE, CABAYAN, BENGUET

the gangplank. Some of them were determined not to come and the men had to push and pull and twist their tails to get them started.

Father and I almost had to take a room below, near the *carabaos*. There are only six cabins on the other deck, but at the last minute we got one. There is no dining room. Two long tables are set on deck. The scenery is fine. Today we have been coasting along Mindoro. We have passed other smaller islands with white coral beaches and cocoanut palms, bamboos and banana trees. A man on board told me that he has hunted a wild animal, called a *tamarao*. It is something like a *carabao* and is found in no place in the world except on the Island of Mindoro.

It takes a day and two nights to go from Manila to Iloilo, which is on the Island of Panay, one of the Visayas. The principal Visayan Islands from west to east are Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, Leyte, and Samar. The cities of Iloilo and Cebu are rivals. They are supposed to be next to Manila in size and importance, but as Manila is the only large city in the Philippines, this does not mean much. The population of Manila is over three hundred thousand. None of the other cities have much over forty thousand inhabitants—some difference.

We get to Iloilo before daylight tomorrow. I must go to my hard bed now or I won't feel like getting up in time to go ashore with the rest.



QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER IV.

1. Which one of the Philippine Islands is the largest and the farthest north? Where are the Visayan Islands?
2. What missions did Jack and Janet visit on their way to Baguio?
3. Who are the Igorots? Name five wild tribes of northern Luzon.
4. What schools at Baguio are famous? What is Easter School?
5. Describe some of the customs of the Igorots.
6. What do the wild tribes worship? Have they ever had Christianity?
7. What missions are at Bontoc and Sagada?
8. What did the twins see at San Fernando, Vigan, and Laoag?
9. Where is Iloilo? Describe the trip from Manila to Iloilo.
10. Name the principal Visayan Islands.

CHAPTER V.

PANAY AND NEGROS

Janet's Journal

WE reached Iloilo before daybreak. As soon as it was light, we went ashore and found ourselves on the *muelle*, a wide street along the river front, with steamers lying beside it. At the right we saw the new Customs House. The ball signal was up on the tower, which is higher than the iron roofs of other buildings, so that it can be seen from a distance. The signal meant that our boat, the "Viscaya," was in. A gentleman told Jack that for a typhoon warning a square is raised on the tower, or for a very severe typhoon, a square and a triangle.

We went to Wing Kee's Hotel near the Customs House and had breakfast in the little restaurant. The whole front is open to the main street. The stores on Calle Real, which is the name of the street, are not a bit tempting. There are a few Spanish and East Indian stores, an American drug store, and an English grocery. The rest are little dark Chinese shops, all about alike, with cheap cotton cloth and commonplace things such as tinware, crockery, lanterns, and brooms, on the shelves or hanging from the ceiling.

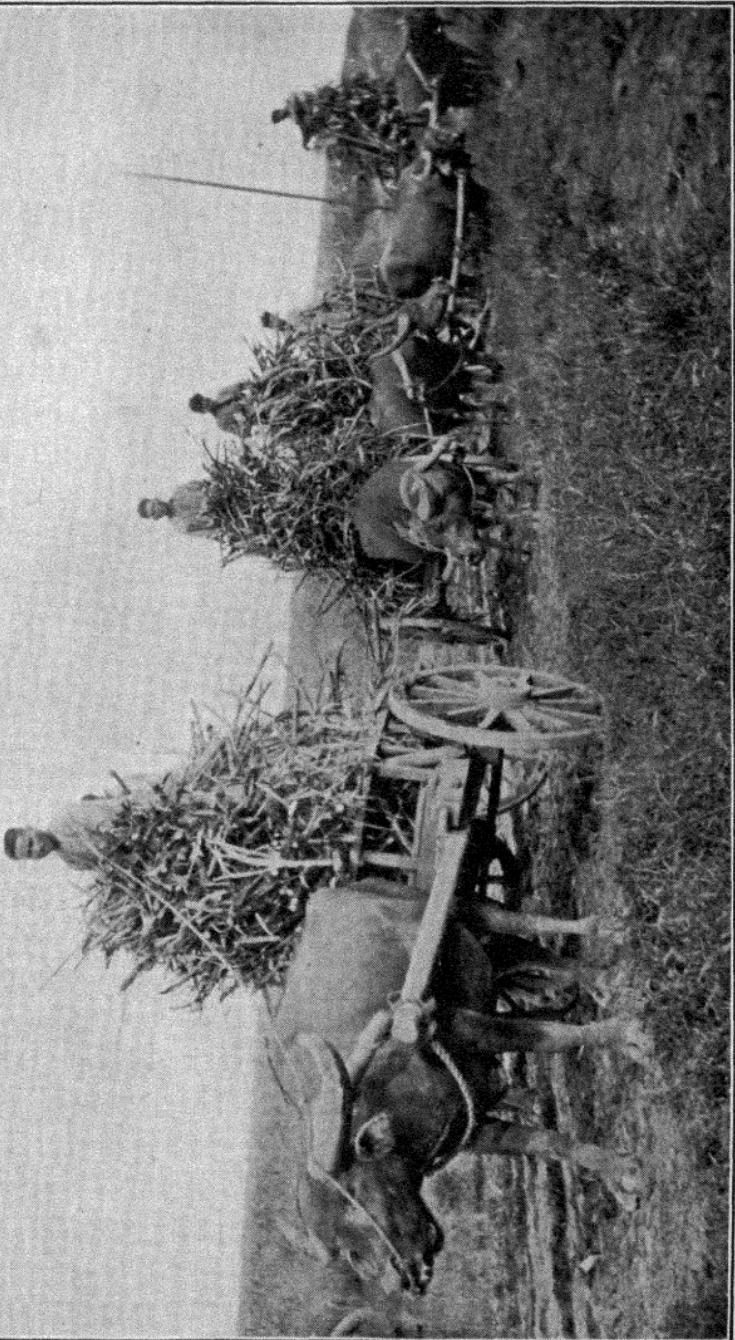
At one end of Calle Real is the Plaza Libertad, a small park with cages of animals and a statue of Rizal. A large whitewashed Catholic Church faces

the Plaza. It is not far from there to Fort San Pedro. The old gray walls of the Fort rise out of the sea and little creeping plants grow in the crevices. Flowers and grass grow on top. Opposite the Fort, across the Strait, is the Island of Guimaras, covered with green forests.

The road behind the Fort is lined with cocoanut palms. It is a lovely drive at sunset, when the military band sometimes plays before the officers' houses. The Philippine Scouts, who are the regular army, were there, but now they have been called away and the Constabulary or Provincial Police has taken their place.

The old fort used to be a protection from the Moros, the fierce Mohammedan pirates, who often visited the coast of Panay, burning towns and killing everyone they could find. People were so in terror of them that churches were fortified for refuge and Moro watch towers were built in many places along the beach. When the watchman in one of these stone towers gave the warning that Moros were coming in their long war canoes, rowed by many oarsmen, or in swift-sailing *praos*, which are the fastest sail boats in the world, the people ran away and hid until the pirates were gone.

We saw fishing *praos* near the fort. There were no Moros in them. They had bamboo outriggers and men sitting on the outriggers to balance the boat. Filipinos speak of a one, two, or three-man breeze. One of the prettiest suburbs of Iloilo is named for the Moros. It was settled by Chinese who built a Moro watch tower on the beach and called the town



Photograph by Norma W. Thomas, Iloilo

LOADS OF SUGAR CANE

Molo. There are lots of Moros still in Mindanao, and they are just as fierce as ever, but our government keeps them from making raids.

Iloilo seems sleepy and quiet after Manila, except when you try to take a *siesta*. Then, clanging *calesa* bells, howling street dogs, squealing pigs, and crowing roosters join in a chorus to keep you awake.

If I were to write a book on the animals of the Philippines, people would expect to hear about wild animals, but I should have to say that the commonest are the dog, the pig, and the goat. They live under most Filipino houses. Big black pigs and the cunningest baby ones roam the streets, whisking their little curly tails and getting in the way of automobiles. Goats, kids, and mangy dogs are just as bad about getting in the middle of the road. Sometimes the pigs are carried squealing to market on handcarts or swinging by the feet from bamboo poles.

Carabaos and *vacas* are very useful animals. *Vacas* are bullocks. They draw big carts, which have rounded tops of bamboo matting. The running *vacas* sometimes draw *quilezes*, which are square, closed carriages with doors at the back. *Carabaos* are used more in the fields. Filipino ponies are small, but very strong. Once in a while you see an American horse and it looks as big as an elephant beside these ponies.

Roosters are common in the Philippines, because cockfighting is the national sport. When you meet a man with a fine rooster in his hand, you may know that he is on his way to the cockpit. Sometimes you see men, squatting beside the road, teaching two

roosters to fight. Steel spurs, sharp as razors, are fitted to the natural spurs of fighting cocks. The worst part of cockfighting is the gambling at the cockpits. Since the American school teachers have been here, baseball and other American sports have become popular among the students, who like athletic meets and field day as much as we do.

The commonest insects over here are mosquitoes, ants, and cockroaches. Mosquitoes give people malaria and *dengue* fever. That is why we sleep under nets. Most houses are not screened. There are two kinds of house lizards that eat insects. I call them *tiki* and *tukko*. The little one says "*tiki*" and the big one fairly shouts "*tukko*," very distinctly, too. There are all kinds of ants. The white ants are the worst, because they eat the wood in houses. Little red ones get into food, unless it is kept in a screened *aparador* or safe, standing in tins of oil and water. Big red ones make nests in the leaves of trees. They look like hangbirds' nests. These ants bite like everything, if you disturb their nests. At certain seasons ants and cockroaches have wings and seem to be everywhere.

Some birds eat ants. About the only birds I know here are the little rice birds. There are two kinds. One is brown and the other light gray with a red bill, red claws, and a black head with a large white spot on either side. This one is called the *maya* bird. It sings very sweetly and lives in holes under the eaves of houses. A row of little *maya* birds on a palm branch is a pretty sight. There are many other birds whose names I don't know. Some are brightly colored and others have a sweet song.



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

BONTOC IGOROT GIRL WITH TATTOOED ARMS

There is a large white heron, called the *carabao* bird, because it is so often seen perched on the *carabao's* back.

But this is a journal and not a natural history. I must try and remember what we did in Iloilo. Before we finished breakfast at Wing Kee's Hotel, we saw people going by to the market, which was near. They were carrying cocoanuts, mangoes, *chicos*, breadfruit, *papayas*, bananas, and other fruits and vegetables, strings of chickens hanging by their feet, and big baskets of silvery minnows or larger fish. One man was running along with fifty or more earthen pots, tied together and hanging from each end of the bamboo pole, balanced on his shoulder. You could hardly see the man.

Father took us over to the market. It was held under a big iron roof, supported by concrete pillars. Crowds of Filipinos were there and they made a good deal of noise bargaining. We walked through to the next street, which was Calle Iznart. Pretty soon we saw on the right a lovely concrete building with shell windows. Some pretty little Filipina nurses in blue uniforms with white aprons and caps were coming out of the door. We thought it must be a hospital, but they told us it was the new Nurses' Home of the Union Mission Hospital across the street. It was built with money given by the people of Iloilo.

We did not go in, as father had to meet some sugar planters, who had come over from Negros to talk with him, but, before we left Iloilo, we knew the hospital, the doctors, and the little nurses very well. Dr. Hall, who started medical work in Iloilo, was the

pioneer missionary doctor of the Philippines. The work began in a *nipa* shack. Now there is a modern hospital of sixty beds. It is a union hospital of the Presbyterian and Baptist Missions. An American doctor and nurse are sent by each Mission. The nurses' training school, started by Dr. Hall, was the very first one in the Islands. There are thirty nurses in it this year. All the work is done in English. There are six seniors. Their names are Eleuteria, Angelita, Feliza, Sylvestra, Enrica, and Beatriz.

Next door to the hospital is the Presbyterian Chapel, where many meetings are held. There is a large Christian Endeavor Society in this church.

One day, Dr. and Mrs. Hall took us to Leon, where they have opened a new school. We went in an automobile as far as the road was good, and then we walked for several miles. We had to cross a river on a *vaca*. I was frightened, because the animal's back was slippery and I was afraid the man who led the beast and held my hand to steady me might let go, and then I should fall into the water, but, before I knew it, we were on the other side and I had the fun of watching the others cross. After this, we followed a path through the bamboo thicket. We met a man with a little bamboo sledge, drawn by a *carabao*, who took us through the worst mud holes. When we went suddenly down into the mud and as suddenly up again on the other side, I had to hold on tightly. Finally we reached the village of Leon and saw the school, which was very nice. The pupils gave a program in our honor, and sang, and recited, and made speeches, all in English.

On the way home we noticed that some of the

rice fields were surrounded by strings, made of *bejuco* vine, which is rattan, fastened to poles set up at the corners of the field. Another string led from these to the window of the nearest house. Mrs. Hall said that these were there to scare away the rice birds. When the birds perch on the strings, someone in the house pulls and jiggles them so that the birds fly away.

We met some other Presbyterian missionaries in Iloilo—Mr. and Mrs. Berger. Mrs. Berger has a fine kindergarten of fifty children in a building just behind her house. Mr. Berger is away a great deal, as he has charge of the mission work in Antique Province, which is on the other side of some mountains and rather hard to reach. He goes by boat. The Island of Panay is naturally divided by mountain chains into three provinces, Iloilo, Capiz, and Antique. Iloilo is the largest and richest. The people of Iloilo are noted for weaving beautiful, fine cloth on big looms in their homes. You can see them through the windows, working away on these looms. The cloth they make is *piña*, *jusi*, and *sinamay*. *Piña*, the finest, is made of pineapple fibre; *jusi*, of fibre and silk; and *sinamay*, the coarsest, of hemp. On our way to Leon, we met men carrying great bundles of silky hemp to town.

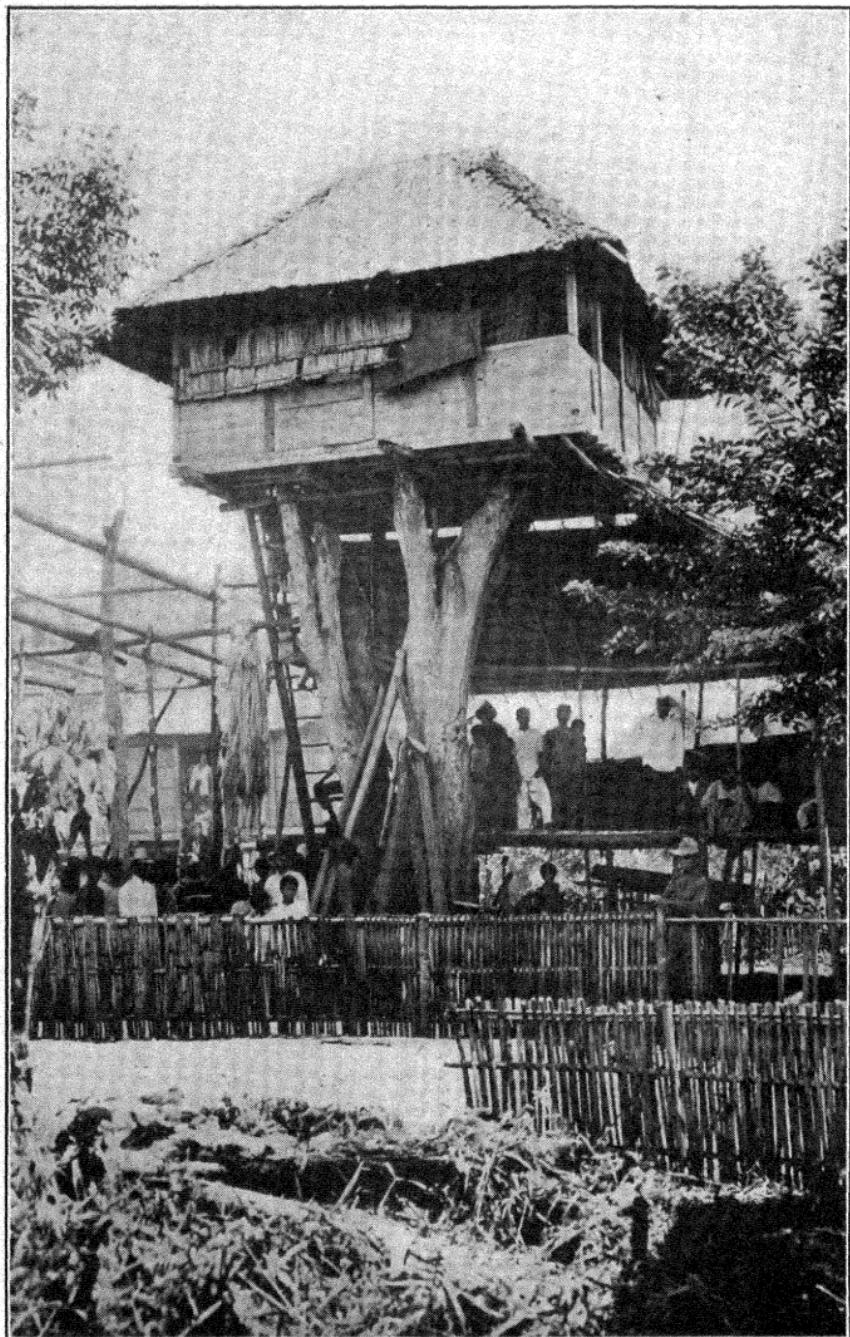
One day we drove out to a suburb of Iloilo, called Jaro. You pronounce it as though the *j* were an *h*. Starting from the Mission Hospital, it is a drive of about three miles on a straight road. On the way we passed a good many points of interest. Leaving the hospital on the left, we first saw on the same side of the street, only a few blocks away, the

Christians. The Visayans live in the coast towns. The Moros are in Moro Province. They are very fierce.

We went to Mindanao on the "Tablas" from Cebu. This is a nice little coast guard steamer almost like a steam yacht. It was a two days' trip to Surigao on the northeast corner of Mindanao. Surigao is a pretty town. The streets are lined with shade trees. From there we went around the island westward, stopping at all the principal towns. Boats all take this route from Surigao instead of following the east coast, which is rugged and dangerous.

Two missionaries, Mr. Laubach and Mr. Woodward of the American Board Mission, came on board the "Tablas" at Surigao and went as far as Cagayan with us. They were both so in love with Mindanao and their work that they made us quite enthusiastic, too. They think that the Congregationalists have the best island and the biggest opportunities of any of the missions. Mr. Laubach has been here only a little over two years and Mr. Woodward only a few months and they are the only missionaries on the northern coast of that great island.

Mr. Laubach told us that in Surigao he had been visiting the congregation of nearly one hundred members, who have no pastor and who have to get on with occasional visits from Mr. Woodward and himself. The members take turns in leading the meetings. I asked him why they didn't have a native pastor, but he says it takes time to train preachers. This church was started by a blacksmith, who has since moved from there, but who is a power



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

MANOBO TREE HOUSE

wherever he goes. The congregation at Surigao has a nice little church building, which they built for themselves.

There are many places where the people need a pastor so much. Mr. Laubach said that at the other end of the Island in Baliangao the church has seven hundred members and no pastor. Everyone in the town is a church member. There is no one left to baptize except visitors and babies. In the Cattabato Valley another church of four hundred members in the midst of Mohammedan Moros keeps writing for a pastor. If the people only could have good leaders, wonderful things would happen.

A few hours from Surigao we passed Cabadbaran, where there is another congregation. Mr. Laubach now has a launch and hopes to visit there soon. It has never been visited by a missionary.

The first stop after Suriago was Butuan on the Agusan River. At the mouth of the river there is a monument that marks the place where Magellan landed. Manobos and Mandayas live in the Agusan Valley. Manobo means "man of the river." There are big crocodiles in the river. A man told us he had seen them carry off people and he had seen pythons 30 feet long in the forests.

The next stop was Cagayan de Misamis. We landed at a stone dock and drove to the town. There we met Mrs. Laubach, who told all about the Bukidnons, a tribe living in the mountains back of Cagayan. A young man was sent to them last year. He reports that they are very anxious to know about Christianity. While we were hearing about these people Mrs. Laubach said, "Listen." We heard the jingling

of sleigh bells, and going to the window saw a group of Budiknons, who had come down to sell their coffee and hemp and to buy cloth. The men were dressed in very gay suits of red, blue, and white and wore beads around their necks and little bells sewed on their clothes, which made the jingling noise we heard. The bags they carried were also trimmed with beads. The women, too, were gaily dressed and wore pompoms of bright-colored yarn in their hair.

Mrs. Laubach said that on Sunday church and Sunday school are held in Cagayan and afterward Sunday schools are held in six or eight *barrios*. The teachers are boys, who are planning to be preachers.

After Cagayan we stopped at Iligan where the Moros came to market. The soldiers make them leave their weapons outside. They are Mohammedans and sometimes "run amuck." That is when they arm to the teeth and start out to kill as many Christians as they can, before they are killed themselves. We were told that only the day before a Moro stole up behind a guard at Camp Overton and cut off his hand before he could resist. They are terrible fighters. Their clothes are very odd, tight-fitting trousers and tight jackets trimmed with metal buttons, often of silver. They also wear bright colored turbans. The women dress like the men, so that it is hard to tell them apart. That is why some of the women were killed in battle by General Pershing's men. The women would be prettier if they did not file and blacken their teeth.

The Moros are very religious. They wear little bags, with part of the Koran, their sacred book, sewed up in them for charms. They would not buy any

pig at the market, because their religion forbids them to eat it. They go to church on Friday.

The Moros look as though they would not be afraid of anyone. They carry heavy knives, called *barongs*, and serpentine blades, called *krieses*. These knives make serious wounds, but they are no worse than the *kampilans* of the *montesces*, the Filipine mountaineers, who are said to be a match for the Moros in fierceness. The *kampilan* is worn in a wooden scabbard, tied together with string. The *montesces* do not pull them out, but cut the string as they strike. It is said they can cut a person half in two at one blow.

The houses of Moros are always near the sea and often are built right over the water with bamboo bridges to the shore. Their boats are tied to the houses. The Moros live in tribes, ruled by chiefs, called *datos*. Several tribes are sometimes under a sultan. The sultan of Jolo is very well known. Jolo is an island near Zamboanga. It is the capital of the Sulu group.

At Oroquieta the American school teacher took us for a great trip along the shore in a canoe. We floated over coral reefs, that ran out a mile or more from the land, and the water was so clear that we could see the bottom, covered with coral of different colors. It looked like plants, but living coral really belongs to the animal kingdom. We saw waving sea fans and sponges. One variety, Venus flower basket, is found only in Philippine waters. There were bright blue fish too, darting in and out among the sea weeds. It was like looking into Fairyland to discover all this under the surface of the sea.

At Dapitan we landed in a small boat. This is where Rizal lived in exile. He made a raised topographical map of Mindanao which was so interesting that an American had a cement walk built around it with the names of the principal towns on it.

We went on to Zamboanga and landed at a fine dock. Zamboanga is a pretty town. Bishop Brent's Mission is there and also in Jolo, an island nearby. We did not have time to go to Jolo, where Bishop Brent's agricultural school is, but it must be an interesting place. You see more Moros there and in Zamboanga than anywhere else. Jolo is the place where people use double mosquito nets. Even the animals have to wear nets, the mosquitoes are so frightful.

We met Dr. Halliday and Miss Owen at the Episcopal Hospital and Miss Bartter at the settlement house. We also met Mr. and Mrs. Lund of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Zamboanga. This mission has a school on the Island of Basilan which is the only one on that island. One of the girls from that school is now studying in the school at Zamboanga, hoping to be a missionary in her own home town some day. Her name is Alejandra Pamaran.

Some of the girls in Mrs. Lund's school are beautiful, especially two American mestizas, Miss Julia and Miss Stella Strong. Miss Julia is a teacher now in the school and Miss Stella hopes to become a nurse among the poor people.

About a hundred miles east of Zamboanga we stopped at a town called Margosatubig, where the Christian and Missionary Alliance is working



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

BAGOBO MUSICIANS OF DAVAO, MINDANAO

among a tribe, called the Subanos. The missionaries are Mr. and Mrs. Lommassen. They told us many things about the customs of this tribe. The children wear no clothes except a charm and a string of wooden beads. Later the boys wear a loin cloth and the girls put on a few clothes. The girls wear teeth of wild animals and brass or wire bracelets and anklets, that jingle as they walk. Their lips, finger nails, and toe nails are stained bright orange. The girls have holes made in their ears which are stretched until large enough to hold a silver dollar. The boys and girls at twelve have their teeth ground. The grinding is done with a stone and it is very painful. The teeth are then dyed black so that they look like a row of shoe buttons in the mouth. As they grow older the girls begin to wear clothes of colors too bright to clash. The boys do not wear necklaces or ear plugs, but many rings and fancy buttons on their coats. They often have a string of snake bones around the waist and the usual *olo*. The children play no games except ankle ball with a bamboo ball kept in motion by striking it with the ankle. They play sometimes with blowpipes. They have never seen dolls. Mrs. Lommassen showed them one and they called it "God" and would not play with it. They probably thought it like their wooden images used at religious festivals.

Since the children have no toys or games, they enjoy helping their parents in their work at home and in the fields. They are very fond of the family pigs and chickens and goats and make pets of them.

Mrs. Lommassen has a school with one hundred boys and eight girls. She says the girls are brighter

than the boys. Some of the boys live so far away that they bring enough rice for a week and stay in the little *nipa* dormitory, cooking for themselves and going home each week. Sick people come to Mr. and Mrs. Lommassen, who have a little dispensary.

The last stop of all was Davao. The American Board has a mission there. It was started by Mr. and Mrs. Black in 1903 and in 1908 Dr. and Mrs. Sibley came to build the hospital. It has twenty beds, but there are usually twenty-eight patients, and beds have to be placed on the porches. Mr. and Mrs. Augur are taking the place of Mr. and Mrs. Black just now and Dr. Case is taking the place of Dr. Sibley.

Mrs. Augur told us that in the month of June 1649 patients were treated, an average of 54.9 per day. That seemed like a good many to me. Thirteen nationalities or tribes were treated. There are many Japanese, working on the plantations about Davao. So many of these Japanese come to the hospital that a Japanese interpreter is needed. Next to the Japanese in number are the Filipinos and sometimes a Moro, or a wild man, Bagobo, Mandayan, or from some other hill tribe comes in to be treated. The American nurse, Miss Taylor, and the two Filipina nurses are kept busy. Mr. and Mrs. Augur hold five-minute services in the hospital every morning and longer ones on the hospital lawn on Sunday afternoon, when the patients are able to get out.

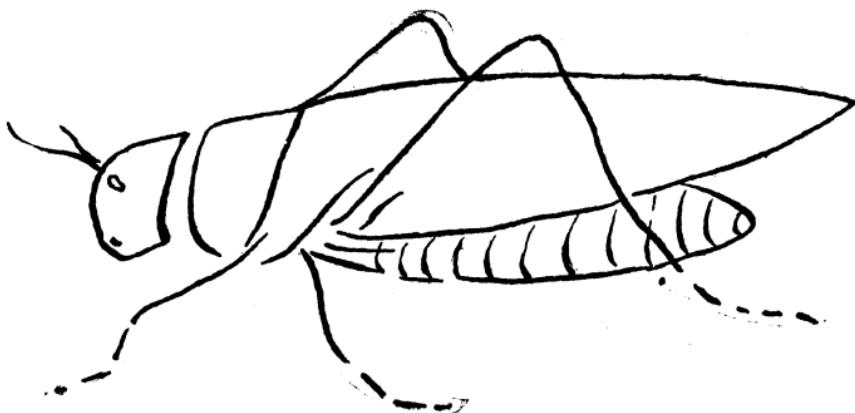
There is a pretty little chapel where the boys and girls have Sunday School. Mr. Augur has a Boy Scout Troop. They all marched in the Fourth of July parade, carrying American flags. They are

going to build a shack, where they can hold their meetings. Mrs. Augur is going to have a group of Camp Fire Girls.

Mrs. Augur told us about the schools the mission has started for the Bagobos and Kalagans. The teachers are boys trained at Silliman Institute. She goes with her husband once a month in a launch to visit the schools. After leaving the launch they walk through the tropical forest up into the mountains, where the wild men live. When they visit the school at Sibulan, they are entertained at the home of Bagogo Dato Tenealing, one of the leading *datus*. They cook on the earth floor in a kettle hung on a tripod. They use banana leaves for plates and their fingers for forks. At night the family take off their head ornaments and lie down on blankets on the floor. For a light they use a torch made of oily seeds fastened to a long stick. They dance to the music of bamboo instruments. Bamboo is used in many ways over here. Near Manila there is a bamboo pipe organ and there are orchestras of bamboo instruments which play quite well. Filipino boys wet hollowed bamboos with kerosene and touch them off like cannon. The heart of bamboo is good to eat.

Some of the wild tribes are still head hunters. Many of them build their houses in trees. I haven't seen nearly enough of these people yet. We must leave on the steamer much too soon, and go back to Manila, where we have got to settle down in school. It has been a great trip and I am proud of what our government and our missionaries are doing over here in the Philippines. Father thinks the Filipinos may do a great deal for the other Oriental nations,

because they have such a good start. The people are fine when they are really Christian. Perhaps President McKinley's idea of befriending a helpless people may have a greater influence than even he expected.



APPENDIX

SUGGESTIONS FOR LEADERS IN THE STUDY OF JACK AND JANET IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY LUCY W. PEABODY

List of material needed and approximate cost.

12 picture post cards, 15 cents.

Passports for all in the group, 15 cents per dozen.

Text-books for leaders and guides, 25 cents, plus 5 cents postage; board covers, 50 cents; 5 cents postage.

Map of the world, 15 cents.

Dissected map of the world, 15 cents.

Maps showing routes, 5 cents.

Note books. If made by the children, cost of paper only.

Sketch book, 15 cents.

One copy of the text-book may suffice for the leader of a small group, but it is important that each guide have a copy to use with his band, where the groups are divided. If passports are sold at 5 cents, copies of the book may be bought from the returns, or the children may prefer to buy their own. \$1.20 covers cost for 12 children.

Organization

Any group of children of an average age of twelve years may be enlisted for this study, whether organized as Juniors, Mission Bands, Sunday School classes in the Church, or groups in a neighborhood, community, or school. A group may be from ten to one hundred or more. If large groups undertake the trip they should be divided into bands of ten or twelve, graded according to age and ability. Each band should have a leader or guide or captain who may be chosen from among the group or from older young people of the church. The entire group will meet together and after general exercises and program will separate for special work. Where there is a smaller group, as many as fifteen, well-graded, may be taken in one band with one good leader, who may desire an assistant. We will consider first the plan for the larger group and its sub-divisions.

Imagination should play a large part in this trip. It is to be a real journey of a travel club, made up of boys and girls, like Jack and Janet Howard. They have wide-open eyes for interesting sights, are eager to know these islands under the protection of their own country lying afar off in the Pacific. They will have many questions which the book and map will answer. They will discover what missionaries do and will learn some things about their own mission work and Boards. They will understand why these islands need missionaries and will find lovely opportunities for helping in the work, thus becoming missionaries themselves.

The travel club must be well advertised. An appeal should be made to parents and Sunday School teachers in order that their support may be gained for attendance and study. After securing material and going carefully through the plans a notice something like this may be put on the church calendar or bulletin board, and be given out in the Sunday School and Church prayer meeting.

NOTICE: A trip to the Philippine Islands is planned for a group of boys and girls (Juniors or Mission Bands or Sunday School classes). The party will assemble (time and date) to hear about the tour and secure their passports and guide books at (place). Cost of trip, 5 cents, to be paid in advance.

Signed by names of leaders or "conductors" of the party. If some one with artistic skill will make a poster with pictures of Jack and Janet and this announcement it will attract attention.

Choose a convenient and pleasant meeting place, preferably a room in the church or parish house, where tables are available. A time should be chosen when the children are free, Saturday or Sunday afternoon. The meeting should be held once in two weeks. The six chapters of the book, the introductory meeting, and the public meeting at the close, eight meetings in all, will cover fourteen weeks. These should be chosen consecutively either September to Christmas or February to June. These periods will allow at least one open-air meeting or picnic.

We will suppose that we have a group of fifty boys and girls of varying ages from nine to fourteen. We would not rule out the younger members, but would provide for them special work. If it is possible to have more than one leader, it is desirable that one be a teacher of a primary or intermediate department.

Introductory Meeting

Select from the group of fifty children five of the most dependable boys and girls as guides. Grade the children according to age and ability, ten in each band, giving each a guide who shall be responsible for attendance, conduct, and work. After calling the meeting to order, state the plan of the trip. Ask all who desire to join to come forward and fill out and sign passports, paying five cents, which will cover the cost of passport, and will leave a margin for extra copies of the study book and material. The leader explains the need of passports in time of war. We are going into our own territory, but must pass through British and Japanese waters. The passport serves as protection and shows that the United States government is back of its people wherever they go. In addition to passports, which must be presented at each meeting, notebooks will be required. Those may be bought for five or ten cents, or the leader will provide a supply of paper for making these books. They should be about 8" x 10". The children can fold the paper neatly, making books of thirty-two pages. Covers may be made of heavier colored paper or cardboard, and may be decorated according to some of the drawings in the sketchbook, or as the children may choose. Large needles and twine or floss for binding should be provided. Each book should have the name and address of the owner, as they are to be handed in for marking. An obliging printer will supply paper at very low rates. On the cover should be written or printed, "My Philippine Notebook." On the title page should be written the quotation from President McKinley. Page 6. The object of this book should be explained clearly. It is to preserve all the information that can be secured from the study of the book, from other reading, from pictures, maps, or conversation with travellers who have visited the islands. If passports and mite boxes are secured and signed and notebooks distributed or made, and the plan of the trip clearly and enthusiastically presented, with a brief history of Jack and Janet Howard, at this introductory meeting, it will be quite enough to attempt. If the group is small, a very warm invitation should be given to recruit new members. At the close of this meeting the guides should be required to remain for instructions.

Preparation for the Guides

Each guide should assume responsibility for his or her own band. Each should have a copy of the text-book for use in this band. Each should be provided with a sailor cap as badge of office. These may be made from paper or cloth.

The assignments for the first chapter may be given to the guides, who will take prominent parts in this first program. They include preparation for program and questions on the chapter. The duties of the guides will be usually to assign a particular part or given question to some member or members of his group, to urge prompt attendance and good behavior, to endeavor to make the notebooks as perfect and attractive as possible, to bring to the leaders of the group any difficulties or questions, and to decide with the leaders who shall take part in the programs. Much depends upon a wise choice of guides and magnifying their office. They are really a cabinet for the leader. If there are not enough who can be depended upon in the group, by all means select from an older class who will be interested to help and who will incidentally gain information and training in leadership. Each group may be composed of boys and girls, unless the girls prefer to work by themselves in the lower grade. Having given out the books and assignments to the guides who will be asked to present the program for the first chapter, we are ready for our plan for

CHAPTER I.

Each group enters with its guide, who carries a United States flag and takes up the passports. Each passport will be marked at the close of the lesson, A. B. C., according to attendance, conduct, and work accomplished, and returned to the owner.

Scripture—Acts 27: 1-27. Describe the sailing of the first missionaries.

As the party makes its start for the long voyage, all rise and sing, as though from a steamer's deck, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," waving flags. The general leader then gives the map lesson of the voyage, described in the first chapter. A map of the world is essential. If the church does not own one, your Board can supply small wall maps at a cost of fifteen cents.

As the leader describes that first trip around the world made by Magellan, she draws a red line on the map to indicate the route taken. She then draws a green line to indicate the route from the place of meeting to the Philippines. The blackboard may be used for a large reproduction of the ship given on the cover of the study book, or taken from some picture of early Spanish vessels, and a picture of a modern steamship, like the Empress of Russia. If desired, these pictures can be made on manila paper or large cards and used in the final exhibition of work as posters. There are always boys and girls who excel in this sort of work. The guides then tell the stories of famous heroes of Philippine history mentioned in the book, each occupying two or three minutes. The leader will read or recite the poem by Jose Rizal, giving the circumstances of the writing. One of the guides, representing an officer of Admiral Dewey's ships in Manila Bay, will tell the story of the taking of the Islands. The leader will then tell of President McKinley's decision regarding the islands, quoting his words which have been written on the board. All rise and repeat together this fine Christian statement of President McKinley's which they will write in their notebooks, and should, if possible, commit to memory. These words of our great martyred President are to be the motto of the travel group studying Jack and Janet in the Philippines. If one of the group can do lettering well, this motto might be illuminated and hung where all could see it.

The bands then separate each with its guide to write up notes in the books, adding, if possible, a small reproduction of the map and ship. There must be perfect order and quiet so that all may be able to think and write without being disturbed. The younger group who cannot work on the books may be given the dissected map with the route to put together. Others may have the sketch books. These may be taken apart and distributed a page to each. The older group will enter on their notebooks as many facts as possible from memory. Fifteen or twenty minutes may be given for this work.

In teaching the lesson, be careful to emphasize the points brought out in the questions as these will figure in notebooks. Passports should be marked with justice after examination of the books on the basis of prompt attendance, conduct, work

accomplished. A perfect passport at the end of the trip will give a place on the roll of honor at the public meeting which will close the course.

At the close, guides should go over program for Chapter II and suggest assignments which they will give out.

Directions for a Smaller Group

We have considered a group of fifty or more, which must be sub-divided for effective work. We will now consider the ordinary group of from ten to fifteen in the small church. These may be treated as one band. Practically the same program may be adopted, appointing two guides to assist the leader in looking after passports, attendance, conduct, notebooks, etc. It will not be necessary for the children to separate as in the case of the larger groups. Material such as maps and sketch books, postal cards, etc., may be secured from the Boards. Boxes of letters can be bought at Five and Ten Cent Stores. The guides will undertake to look after this work.

CHAPTER II.

The Forbidden Book

After the usual collection of passports, the children will repeat Scripture verses concerning the Bible. "Thy Word is a light to my feet." "Search the Scriptures," and other passages.

The leader will give brief facts about our own Bible, emphasizing the importance of reading and studying this book. She will state the fact that it has been translated into more than five hundred languages. This is true of no other book ever written. She will mention some of the chief teachings of the Bible. Then she will call on the members of the group to give verses about the Bible which they think especially helpful for themselves and for the Filipinos. This exercise should not take more than six or eight minutes. Those who have been selected by the guides to take part in this meeting will come forward and take stations in front. Traveller No. 1 will describe the journey through the Japan Inland sea, to Manila, and the landing. Traveller No. 2 will tell of the trip through the city and the

interesting points. Traveller No. 3 will speak of the Bible Society and its work.

Interlude

Two or three boys enter as colporteurs, carrying on their backs heavy loads of books. They come to the front and one hangs on the blackboard or wall a picture roll as in the picture in the text-book. A group of children, representing Filipinos, go up to buy the books. These are the first Bibles they have ever seen. They take them from the colporteurs, handling them very reverently and asking some questions about them. "Why did not the priest want the Filipinos to read the Bible?" "In how many languages have the Filipinos the Bible at present?" "What shall we do with this book?" The colporteurs answer intelligently, giving facts from the text-book. This scene should not take more than five or seven minutes. Traveller No. 4 will then tell about the outlaws and the invitation to come to their camp.

The groups will separate to write up their notebooks, and answer questions. If time is too short they may write their notebooks at home. The younger children may copy sketches or spell Bible verse from the board with letters. All will come together for the closing and will read from the board President Roosevelt's statement concerning the Bible, closing with a prayer that we may appreciate and love this great Book with its wonderful history, that we may show our appreciation by our daily use of it, and by endeavoring to follow its teachings, and that we may assist in giving it to all the world. It might be suggested in connection with this chapter that the children put in their mite boxes at least ten *centavos* (five cents), as a special gift for Bibles for the Philippines, this to be stated when the entire amount of the offerings is sent in to their Mission Boards. It will be interesting to the children to count their gifts in Filipino currency rather than in American. For instance, when they put a cent in the box they will think of it as two *centavos*. The objective might be to send an average of one *peso* from the group to the Mission Board for work in the Philippines. A *peso* is the Filipino dollar and is worth fifty cents of our money. There are one hundred *centavos* in a *peso*. An average of fifty cents per member would mean an offering of twenty-five dollars

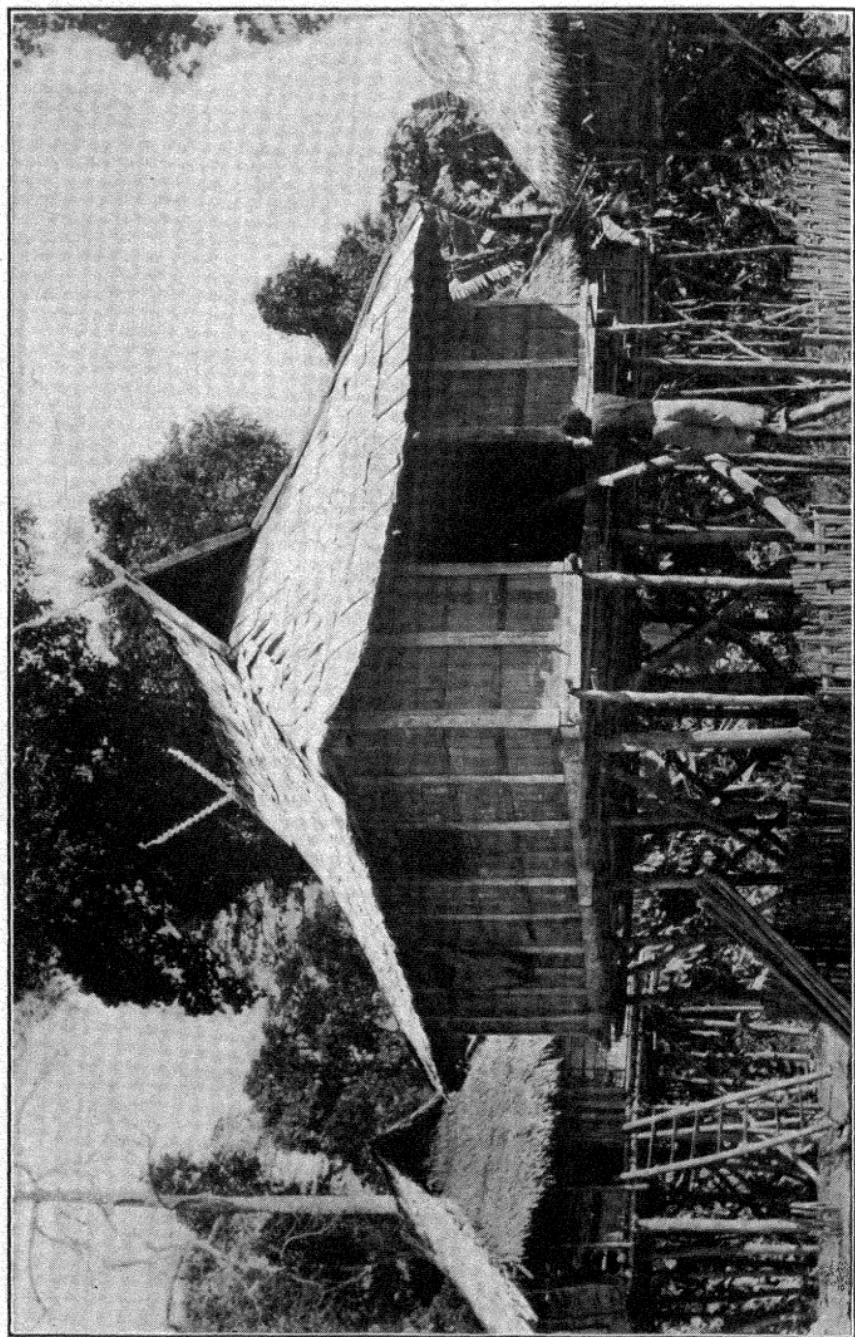
from a group of fifty. This could be increased at the final meeting when friends are invited and an offering may be taken. While we wish to train children in the act of giving systematically and proportionately and generously, we must not strain their giving powers beyond the normal. They must all be encouraged in their groups to increase the gifts as they meet especially interesting work like that of the hospital, schools, leper work, etc. They may also be inspired to send some special personal gifts, Christmas cards and postals to the missionaries, picture rolls which may be secured and mailed from the Sunday School, interesting books to be sent to the dormitories for their libraries, as many of the boys and girls read English, Christmas boxes to supply the Christmas trees. They must ascertain the exact postage to be paid on them. In most cases it is the same as in this country.

When we suggest an average of one *peso* or fifty cents from the society, it must be explained that children who have a large supply of pocket money should understand that they ought to give more than those who have very little, that those who have little or none may do some special extra work in securing cards, etc. Early in the course a talk on giving by the leader will make very clear the motive and the object. Never fail to emphasize the fact that in giving to these brothers and sisters of ours we have not only the motive of helping them, but at the same time are expressing our love and loyalty for Christ in whose name we give.

CHAPTER III.

Visiting the Missionaries

What verses in the Bible tell us to go as missionaries? What promise is given to missionaries? What do we call this command and promise? "The Great Commission." Why should we obey? When a soldier is promoted to be an officer we say he has his commission. It is given to him according to the rules of the army. Why is he glad to go? Because he loves freedom and is a patriot. He is anxious to free others. Why are missionaries glad to go? For exactly the same reasons. Their Leader and their church sends them. They are loyal to Him and to His Kingdom. They will lay down their lives to win it for Him.



Photograph by Bureau of Science, Manila

MANDAY HOUSE; ROOF OF HEMP. DAVAO DISTRICT

Another group of travellers, selected at the close of the previous meeting by the guides and instructed by them, will present this chapter. Traveller No. 1 will speak of the places of interest described in this chapter. Then several travellers tell each very briefly of the work of some one missionary. The girls may take the women, the boys the men. The leader will make a note on the blackboard of the many varieties of work they are doing. One tells of the Sunday School, one of the hospitals, one of the dormitories, one of the Y. M. C. A., one of printing books, etc. After the ground of the chapter has been covered, the leader takes up the questions which the guides assigned at the previous meeting. Another suggestion is that one of the boys write on one side of the board the names of the men missionaries and the kind of work they are doing. The girls can do the same for the woman's work on the other side of the board, and one of the girl guides can tell why women missionaries are needed. If possible, cover the ground in this chapter, showing the numbers of Boards that are needed in the Philippines, even for a small part of the population. If time can be given, specialize on the missions of your own church. The guides can be asked to look these up.* The groups then separate. One of the guides can tell the younger children of the babies and the primary work and can show them the pictures. In the smaller group, the same plan may be followed unless the leader finds that she can hold the attention better to tell of the various kinds of work herself and then ask test questions on her statements.

In the use of notebooks it is, of course, forbidden to copy from the text-book. This must be memory work.

In the closing fifteen minutes let all come together and stand while prayer is offered for all missionaries in the Philippines, adding special petitions for the missionaries of your own church and their work, whose names the children should become familiar with. If possible to secure from your own Board of Missions a leaflet with a full account of your own missionary work in the Philippines to give as a souvenir to the children, it would greatly increase their special interest and would doubtless help their missionary offerings. Have a list of names of your missionaries

*If it seems best to change guides after three chapters, it will divide honors and responsibility.

in the Philippines hung in the room. One of the children will make a poster. We would suggest that the post cards illustrating the book, which are for sale by Mission Boards, may be used at almost any of these meetings. Children may buy them to illustrate their books, may color them, or they may be passed about and returned through the guides to the leader. It would be well to have one person in special charge of the material to be sure that it is on hand each time and is used to the best advantage.

CHAPTER IV.

The program for this chapter should, if possible, be an out-of-door or picnic program. A pleasant lawn or grove or park may represent Baguio. The guides will personally conduct their bands under the direction of the leader. Mission stations will be established at various points. A band of Igorots in gay striped shawls or table covers appear in the shrubbery and scenes may be acted. Two children will impersonate Jack and Janet. Two from each band will represent missionaries at the various missions. The others will visit them and will hear about their work as described in the chapter. The leader will gather the entire group around the camp fire, if one is allowed, and tell them, after they have had their luncheon, the strange customs of the wild people. One of the boy guides will describe the rice terraces, another will tell of the trip back on the ferry and the old road. Another will describe the trip to the Visayas. If the study of the book begins in September, this program will come the middle of October. If in March, the first of May. This is by far the best chapter for an out-of-door meeting. The children will enjoy bringing a simple basket luncheon and will use imagination if the leaders will persist in the idea that they are really in the Philippines and talk of the places and people as they proceed on their journey. Notebooks must be written up at home for this chapter and passports may be omitted as they might be lost. The marking can be done at the next meeting. At the close of the luncheon or camp fire, the children should be led to discuss the Philippines and their relation to them. Questions like these might be asked:

Why should we study the Philippines?
What would you like if you were a Filipino?
Do you think it better for the islands to be under the United States government or to be entirely independent? Why?
Should there be more missionaries?
Should any other kinds of mission work be introduced?
Where would you like to go if a missionary in the Philippines?
What kind of work would you choose to do?
What is the most interesting thing in the book thus far?

These questions will draw them out and make the story a reality, rather than a lesson. This may be the most important and telling chapter of all. Let the children enjoy their activities until the camp-fire talk, then insist upon quiet and a serious consideration. Each will be required to write up an account of the picnic and the lesson in the notebook after reaching home. The boys may take a more prominent part in this program as it is Jack's journal, and the girls may be given a larger part in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

If desired, Chapter IV, Jack's journal, may be given largely or entirely by boys, in which case Chapter V, Janet's journal, may be taken, for the greater part, by the girls. Chapter IV, the out-of-door program, lends itself remarkably well to the boys, while *Panay and Negros* is rather better for girls. Traveller No. 1 will represent Janet and will describe their landing and the streets of Iloilo. Traveller No. 2 will tell of the animals of the Philippines, illustrating if possible by little line sketches on the blackboard, copied from the drawing book. These may be done in advance and kept covered until the speaker begins. Travellers No. 3 and No. 4 will represent two of the nurses in the Iloilo hospital, Enrica and Beatriz. They will wear blue-cotton dresses and nurses' aprons and caps and will describe the work in the hospital. Traveller No. 5 will tell of the work in Iloilo and the trip to Laon in the first person. Traveller No. 6 will tell of the motor-trip to Jaro, telling of the important and

interesting things seen on the way. Traveller No. 7 will impersonate Miss Anna Johnson and tell of her school and touring. One of the boys may then enter representing Jack, and tell of the trip to Capiz.

The groups then separate. Notebooks and passports must be brought up to date, having been omitted at the previous meeting. After twenty minutes for this work the bands come together and a review of the questions from Chapter I to Chapter III may be given, the children choosing sides as in spelling down. The work for the little ones may be either drawing from pictures put on the board from drawings in the sketch book or working with the map or looking at the pictures in the book and on the postal cards, under the direction of one of the guides. Explain that the pictures in the drawing book were made by Rufina, one of Miss Suman's girls. She came to the home school when only a little child, has grown up there, receiving her education in the public schools. Now she is studying in the high school mornings and teaching the children in the home school afternoons. She is Miss Suman's right-hand worker.

A gentle reminder should be given each time regarding the mite boxes or envelopes used for the offerings. An inquiry may be made as to the *centavos* that have been saved and contributed. There are only two more meetings and it is hoped that every one will do his best to secure at least one *peso*.

CHAPTER VI.

This chapter presents great contrasts. We see the wonderful development of Silliman Institute built up by the Presbyterians at Dumaguete. We see also the wild people of Mindanao and the devoted missionaries, who are working so successfully there.

We must compress the program into thirty or forty minutes as we shall need extra time on notebooks, since the Juniors must be prepared for the open meeting and exhibit of work, which will be the eighth and last meeting of the Travel Club.

After the Bible lesson, taking up the passage, "The isles shall wait for His law," have the children repeat that verse of Whittier's, which may be written on the blackboard—



THE "OLD, OLD STORY" IN THE PHILIPPINES
Methodist Episcopal School



"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Refer to the love and care our Saviour must feel for these brave men and women who have gone out for His sake into these wild places, and explain that our love and care, too, should encircle them, through our prayers and our gifts. If we would work for these soldiers of the Cross as we work for our soldiers in France, we should soon occupy all these islands for our Master. Remember to pray also for the little American children living out in the Philippines.

The leader will give the closing map lesson, pointing out the islands mentioned in this chapter, Negros, Bohol, Leyte, Cebu and Mindanao. Traveller No. 1 describes Silliman Institute, the splendid school in the Philippines. Traveller No. 2 tells of the work in Bohol. Traveller No. 3 tells of missions in Cebu and tells about the children's games. Traveller No. 4 tells of the wonderful acceptance of the Gospel in Mindanao under the missionaries of the Congregational Board. Traveller No. 5 describes the trip to the Moro country and the strange customs of these savage Mohammedan people. Traveller No. 6 describes the missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church and of the Christian Alliance. Traveller No. 7 tells of work in Davao and closes the chapter and the book with the last paragraph of the book.

The Juniors separate to write up their notebooks, complete the sketch books, and do any other work necessary for exhibition. The guides will receive careful instructions and assignments for the open meeting.

REVIEW PROGRAM OPEN MEETING

WELCOME HOME PARTY FOR THE
PHILIPPINE TRAVEL CLUB

To this meeting the Juniors may invite pastor, parents, teachers, friends. If desired, tickets may be sold at ten cents each, to increase the fund. If this is not possible, an offering may be

taken at the meeting. The proceeds in either case are to be sent to the Mission Board.

Guides will arrange in advance an attractive exhibit of notebooks, posters, passports, maps, flags, pictures and sketch books. If desired, a Roll of Honor may be hung, giving the names of children who have been present regularly and have done good work.

The Travel Club enters singing "America, the Beautiful," and the members take seats in front facing the audience. The leaders of the club welcome the friends and tell briefly the plan for the trip. Two children enter in travelling costume with suit cases, representing the twins, Jack and Janet Howard. Jack gives the map talk, showing Magellan's route and telling very briefly of his trip to the Philippines. Janet points out the route taken by the Travel Club and speaks also very briefly of the most interesting places visited. They should not occupy more than five minutes each.

FIRST GUIDE rises with his band and tells of The Forbidden Book in the Philippines. His band then acts out the scene of selling Bibles to the Filipinos. The guide hangs up a picture as shown in the illustration, while the colporteurs sell the books. In closing, the guide recites Theodore Roosevelt's words on the Bible.

SECOND GUIDE comes forward with his band. Each one of the band gives in one minute the most interesting facts about missions mentioned in Chapter III. The entire company unites in singing one verse of "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations."

THIRD GUIDE. In this scene several of the band are dressed as wild people, Igorots, with striped shawls over their heads. They sit or stand, huddled together. The guide urges them to come to the mission school and learn to read and work and be useful. Three or four other members of the band, neatly dressed, come in from the industrial school, and display the work they have done. The wild people become interested and examine the work and follow the guide and students out to the school.

FOURTH GUIDE. A girl guide introduces her group of Filipina nurses, three or four, in blue dresses, with aprons and nurses' caps. They tell of their work in the hospital and what they hope to do when they graduate and go out into the villages.

After they have finished, a group of the tiniest children come in, form a circle, and sing a little kindergarten song.

FIFTH AND SIXTH GUIDES have a question contest on the plan of spelling down. The leader asks the questions and each side attempts to answer in turn, those who fail taking their seats. This must not last more than ten minutes. None of these scenes should exceed that length of time or the program will be too long and become tiresome. In closing the entire group rises and repeats President McKinley's words, the keynote of the trip.

An offering for the mission band is taken by the guides for their work in the Philippines or other countries if the Board has no work in the Philippines. After notebooks, sketch books, etc., have been inspected, refreshments follow. These should be extremely simple, consisting of lemonade, cocoanut cakes or drops and salted peanuts, all products of the Philippines. A Philippine salad may be added. This consists of bright green tissue-paper lettuce leaves, each with a tiny strip of paper pasted to it on which is written some interesting fact about the islands, the people or the missions. These are passed to the guests.

This closes the trip with Jack and Janet.

PRONUNCIATION VOCABULARY

BY R. C. T.

Abaca—Ah-ba-cah.	Dagúpan—Dah-goo-pan.
Ácle—ah-cle.	Dapitan—Dah-pee-tahn.
Aglipayáno—Ah-glee-pye-ahn-oh.	Daváo—Dah-vow.
Aguinaldo—Ah-gwee-nahl-do.	Díva—Dee-vah.
Agúsan—Ah-goo-sahn.	dúldúl—dul-dul (like "pull").
Álbay—Al-bye.	Dumaguéte—Doo-mah-get-tee.
Alejándra Pamarán—Ale-handra Pah-mah-rahn.	Dúmalag—Doo-mah-log.
Aftimoc—A-ti-mock.	Dúmarao—Doo-mah-raow.
Antique—An-tee-keh.	Ecija—Ay-see-hah (or Ay-thee-hah).
Bagóbo—Bah-go-bow.	Eleuteria—El-you-tare-ee-ah.
Báguio—Bagh-ee-oh.	El Fraile—El Fry-lee.
Baile—bye-le.	Escólta—Es-cohl-tah.
Baliangáo—Bah-lee-ahn-gow.	Feliza—Fay-lee-sa.
Bálса—ball-sa.	fiesta—fee-est-ah.
Báños—Ban-yohs.	Guímaras—Gim-ah-raas.
Barile—Bah-ree-le.	Hoi Ching—Hoy Ching.
baróng—bah-rong.	Homenhon—How-mewn-hone.
Bárrios—Bahr-ree-ohs.	Ífugáo—If-oo-gow.
Basilán—Ba-see-lan.	Igorots—Ig-oh-wrotea.
Bauáng—Bough-ahng.	Iguána—Ig-oo-wahn-ah.
bejúco—bay-hoo-coe.	Ilocáno—Ill-leh-kahn-oh.
Benguét—Ben-get.	Ilígan—Ee-lee-gan.
Bérger—Burger.	Ilócos—Ee-loh-cose.
Bícol—Bee-cole.	Iloilo—Ee-low-ee-low.
Bilibid—Bi-lee-bid.	Ilóngot—Ee-long-goat.
Bilon—Bee-lohn.	Intramúros—Intra-moo-ros.
biroto—bi-row-toe.	itum—ee-toom.
Blás—Blahs.	Íznart—Is-nart.
Bohól—Bow-hole.	Jólo—Hoe-low.
Bontoc—Bon-tock.	Juanice—Whah-nee-ceh.
Búa—Boo-ah.	júsi—hoo-see.
Bukidnon—Bu-kid-nown.	Kalágan—Kah-lah-gahn.
Bulacán—Boo-lah-kahn.	Kalinga—Kah-ling-gah.
Butuán—Boo-too-ahn.	kámpilan—kahm-pee-laha.
búyo—bui-oh.	krise—crease.
Cabadarán—Cah-bahd-ah-rahn.	Lagúna—Lah-goo-nah.
Cadang—Cah-dahng.	Lalláve—Lal-lyave.
Cagayán—Cah-ga-yan.	La Páz—Lah Pahz.
calésa—Cah-lay-sah.	lauán—lah-wahn.
cáalle—cal-ye.	Lemmón—Lem-mone.
Camarines—Cah-mah-ree-nez.	León—Lay-ohn.
camote—cah-moh-te.	Léyte—Lay-tee.
Canlaón—Cahn-lah-own.	Limasáia—Lee-mah-sow-ah. (sow as how)
Cápiz—Cah-piz.	Lingáyen—Ling-guy-en.
carabáo—car-a-bough.	Lucéna—Loo-say-nah.
Cárcár—Car-car.	Lunéta—Loon-ay-tah.
cáscos—caask-ohs.	Luzón—Looz-on.
Cavité—Ca-vee-teh.	Macáte—Mah-cah-te.
Cebú—See-boo.	Máctan—Mack-tan.
Cervántes—Sehr-vahntes.	Magaldán—Mah-gahl-dahn.
Chico—Chee-coh.	Malólos—Mah-loh-log.
Chino—Chee-noh.	Mandáyan—Mahn-dye-ahn.
Corregidór—Correg-gi-door.	Mandáyas—Mahn-dye-ahs.
Crisóstomo—Cris-os-toh-moh.	Manóbos—Mah-no-beaus.
Culián—Coo-lee-ohn.	Márgosatúbig—Mahr-go-sa-teo-big.

Máya—My-ah.	Sacába—Sah-cah-bah.
Mayón—My-own.	Sagáda—Sah-gah-dah.
Mestizos—Mes-teez-oze.	Samár—Sah-mahr.
Mindanáo—Min-dah-nah-oh.	Santiágó—Sahn-tee-ah-go.
Mindoro—Min-doh-roh.	Sorsogon—Sor-so-gohn.
Móro—Mow-row.	Sibulon—See-boo-lohn.
Nága—Nah-gah.	sínamay—sin-ah-mye.
Naguilian—Nah-gee-lee-ahn.	Subanos—Soo-bahn-ohns.
Nárra—Nah-rah.	Súlu—Soo-loo.
Negrito—Nee-gree-toe.	Suluán—Soo-loo-ahn.
Négrros—Nay-gros.	Súr—Soor.
nípa—neep-ah.	Surigáo—Soor-ee-gow.
Nóli me Tángere—Nolee-may-Tangeree.	Táal—Tahl.
Oroqueta—Or-oh-kee-tah.	Táblas—Tahb-las.
Páce—Pah-ceh.	Tacióban—Tack-low-ban.
Palawán—Pa-la-wan.	Tagálög—Tah-gah-log.
Panáy—Pah-nye.	Tagbiláran—Tag-bill-ah-rahn.
Pangasinán—Pan-gas-i-nan.	Tanón—Tahn-own.
Papáya—Pa-pye-ah.	tao—tow (as how)
Pasíg—Pah-sig.	Tayábas—Tye-ah-bas.
Peraíl, Isaac—Pe-rahl, Ees-ock.	"Teniénte Majór"—Ten-ee-ent-e Mye-or
Píña—Peen-yah.	Therésa—Tay-ray-sa.
pláza—plah-zah.	tiénda—tee-end-ah.
Pobléte, Pascúal—Poh-blay-te, Pahs-kwal.	Tomás—Toe-mas.
práo (or parao)—prow (as how)	trépang—treh-pahng.
pula—poo-lah.	Unión—Oon-ee-ohn.
Pulujánes—Poo-loo-hahnes.	Vigán—Vee-gan.
Pulupándan—Poo-loo-pan-dan.	Viscáya—Viz-kye-ah.
quílez—key-lis.	Vizáyan—Viz-eye-an.
Ráder—Raid-er.	Zaméra—Zah-mere-rah.
Reál—Reh-ahl.	Zamboángá—Zam-boh-ahng-gah.
Rizál, José—Reez-ahl, Hose-ay.	

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